The Sea People

No 59

MAR 2005

SAILS

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The Sea People

Magazine of the

Polynesian Catamaran Association

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COVER

TIM JONES getting things ship-shape aboard QUIRKY, his Tiki 21 while anchored off Rottnest Island, Western Australia

From the PCA Constitution:
The objects of the Association are to promote and further the interests of builders and owners of Polynesian Catamarans, and to encourage the development of good seamanship in all its aspects amongst the association's members.
"Polynesian Catamarans" shall mean the various classes of catamarans as designed by James Wharram.

News for Sea People

Nominations for committee roles should be sent to the PCA office by 31st of May 2005 for inclusion on this year's ballot.
Nominations for all roles are welcomed. Please approach your nominees to make sure they are willing to serve.

The list of proposed PCA meetings continues to get bigger.
There are certainly more listed below than previously seen in the magazine. Do not forget that the meetings will only work if they are supported and that YOU turn up at them. Try and attend one more meeting than you did last year. One thing that always seems to occur, is that a solution to a specific problem can often be seen SOLVED on a boat of a different size. Clever, neat, innovative ways to do things that can then be scaled up or down, often with little or no modification. BUT you have to be there to get that spark generated! See and hear the how, where and why-for of a particular solution. You can't always get all the details by just looking at the photographs, for one cameraman may have a different perspective than you! Also the photo that you need may not have been taken!
There are some new and some resurrected meets, so get out there and support those organisers!

Unfortunately, our plea for additional volunteer proof readers to help with this issue went unanswered :-(but we continue to look to enlarge the team that produces your magazine. We hope to finalize the next issue in a possibly new location and get temporary help from local members in that place. If held in Rotterdam again, it might be aboard the editors Pahi 42 (hopefully).

2005	PCA Meets & other Events	Contact
April/May	Toronto, Canada PCA Social/Picnic/B-B-Q	Mike Haromy
29 Apr 2 May	Poole Spring Meet	Ken Hook
27-30 May	Poole Whitsun Bank Holiday Meet	Ken Hook
10-12 June	Austrian Wharram Meet	Gerald Winkler
July 9-10	UK North East Meet, Humberside YC, Lincs	Si Belk
July	UK North West Meet Ravenglass Cumbria	John Strong
July	Dutch/German Meet	Dave Peak
Jul/Aug	La Rance	Dirk Horstmann
Aug 5	East Greenwich, Rhode Island, USA	Ann Clement
Aug	Channel Isles	Dave Yettram
Aug	Southern Brittany Meet	Nicolas Vivier
Aug	Solent Summer Meet	Robert Sheridan
26—29 Aug	Poole Summer Meet	Ken Hook
Sept	**Falmouth UK—Anniversary Cruise**	D Peak/Jeff Pollock
Sept	Austrian Wharram Meet	Gerald Winkler
Oct 21	Chesapeake	Ann Clement
2–4 Dec	Port St Lucie, Florida	Gene Perry
25th Dec	Cruisers Xmas, Green Turtle Key, Bahamas	Ann Clement

How to host a Meet

What's needed to host a meet ?
Enthusiasm & optimism
Minimally one (or two) boats, preferably Wharrams
A couple of anchorages within a day's sail
Pre-designated pickup points
Site for a BBQ or inexpensive restaurant
Free/cheap parking nearby for visitors by road.

Some PCA members have invited members to their areas with little or no turnout but continue to extend the invitation. This is the kind of optimism & enthusiasm needed. I've attended meets at 4 different locations. They've all been different and they have all had their own personalities and charm.

Organising a regional social is even easier - All you need is to designate a time and a place,. The PCA will willingly assist with notification via website, e-mail, magazine and regional snail-mailings (these usually produce best results).
*** A burgee or item of PCA clothing will be given to all hosts of PCA events/rallies.

S.A.D. or what? Not anymore!

I don't know how depressed winter makes you guys out there, but this winter has been the lowest I've ever experienced. I don't know if I'm susceptable to S.A.D. (Seasonal Affective Disorder—depression caused by low amounts of sunlight) or being stuck in a northern hemisphere winter when I'd rather be off in sunnier, warmer climes.

It's got me to thinking that as sailors, S.A.D. might affect us more than the population at large. Our love of being on our boats and out in the weather it requires makes us particularly vulnerable to the shortened days of winter.

Progress on my Pahi 42 slowed to a crawl in January and February, but with the mercury crawling agonisingly slowly to 10+C, I find my mood, my work ethic and my optimism for the future all rising with it. I see a re-launch in June as a given event rather than the optimistic dream it was back in January.

All structural repairs have been completed and I've started refurbishing the port hull's interior. The Tiki rig conversion plans have arrived from James Wharram design and construction of new mast is imminent.

Lastly I hope all northern hemisphere members are experiencing the rebirth that I'm feeling as spring approaches and the spring outfitting of our various boats draws ever closer. I hope too that you're all looking forward to the coming sailing season as much as I am in this the 50th anniversary year of James' first sailing season in TANGAROA.

Caio, Dave

Don't Forget! Sign up a new member this year and get a free back issue

All members submitting articles for submission to the mag, will be entered into a drawing at the AGM. Prizes will consist of PCA clothing/burgee/items that have been presented in the money saving column for that year.

Articles for submission to the mag can be sent to the PCA Office or electronically to
pcatxt@pca-seapeople.org (for articles, simple txt is best, .doc (MSWord) is fine also)
and pcapix@pca-seapeople.org (for pictures or drawings) .jpg format preferred (others less so)
(pictures should be scanned in at 300dpi resolution and size should be no more than 300Kb please)
(please keep total transmission size to 500Kb or less, 3 x 300Kb files are easier to transmit/receive than 1 @ 900Kb)

© 2005 Polynesian Catamaran Association All members contributions in the form of articles, letters and photographs (B/W or colour print or transparencies) are welcomed by SeaPeople. All material will be returned to the contributor if requested. In any event the PCA can accept no responsibility for loss or damage to contributions. All material accepted solely on the basis that the author accepts the assessment of the PCA as to its value. All material submitted to the magazine is accepted on the basis that copyright in the work will be vested in the PCA who assumes all rights world-wide, in all forms and media. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is prohibited.

PCA Membership Application Form

Hi, if you're reading this and you're not a member of the PCA, is it not time you joined? VISA and MASTERCARD welcome.
It's £20 for a calendar year (approx $37US) and **new** members get 1 free back issue of the Sea People magazine
Your Name (as shown on credit card)..... Card Number.....
Card expiry date ../20..
Your Address.....
.....
Post this to - PCA Office, 118 Howeth Rd, Bournemouth, BH10 5NS, United Kingdom or
Contact the secretary for alternative ways of paying or supplying credit card details to the office
+44 (0)1202 531445 or email Secretary@pca-seapeople.org or PCA@sea-people.org
Please give us phone number, email addresses etc. to help the office and other PCA members contact you.

Ti-Ti's Northern Cruise James Mackie Tiki21

Herewith the story of Tiki21 Ti-Ti between the 26th July 2004 and Sunday, 1st August 2004.

After initial engine problems The Holiday started at 18:00 hours when the boat was warped off her mooring in Warkworth Harbour in Northumberland, pointed downstream and headed towards the harbour entrance under engine alone. Sails were clipped on but left down. Up until this point the builder and his mate had engaged in day sailing and had indeed spent one night on the craft that they had built but this was to be the first away trip.

Well, in perhaps 6 knots of wind and with an hour of tide still ebbing north the Tiki was taken in two large tacks across a smooth Alnmouth Bay and out to Boulmer Haven. From Boulmer, Tiki was aimed at the end of Dunstanburgh Point and thus hopefully eventually St. Mary's Haven where it was intended to spend the night. Unfortunately opposite Howick the wind deserted us entirely and so the iron main with it's execrable noise was roused into life.

We arrived at St. Mary's Haven at approximately 20:45 hours, anchoring on a warp, five metres of chain and a fisherman's anchor just inshore of the native's moorings which do not dry. It is most important to anchor here with good allowance for depth, as this long and deep sandy beach can throw up a nasty surf which would be most uncomfortable to ground through. The public house on shore directly behind the beach is set in a square of old fisherman's houses and is called The Ship and on this night anyway was a very welcome distraction (and was reached despite sail stowing and dinghy inflation by 21:15 hours).

The next morning, that of the 27th July was warm and sunny and at 06:00 am the sight of Dunstanburgh castle clear to the south across Embleton Bay was very welcome. For a great deal of the previous day and before sailing had been abandoned in the ficklest of winds, Dunstanburgh's silhouette from the south had appeared to taunt our progress. Shaving on deck whilst appreciating the grand old fortress from the north seemed a major achievement. The mate was however less easily impressed and she did not seem happy until 11:30 am when the anchor was weighed and the ebb was taken north to Beadnell, up the coast. Beadnell Bay was run across wing and wing with the wind nearly directly out of the south (which is quite rare for this coast) and with perhaps the benefit of a force two to assist. The boat did very well under her normal working canvas but a light-weather drifter must be a good idea and I will have to start saving up for one.

Beadnell Bay was anchored in, one hundred yards to the south of the end of the pier jutting out from the Harbour (which confusingly faces west). Beadnell is a truly beautiful natural arena in which to have lunch and sun bathe but the bay is also a prime launching site for the dive boats that visit the nearby Farne Islands and so after lunch the anchor was once again raised and the bows turned north.

By 18:00 hours Ti-Ti was once again at anchor but this time in the anchorage known as the Kettle amongst the Farne Islands. Noise however had not been entirely left behind and the seagulls on the neighbouring islands and islets kept up a most tremendous clamour which was fairly frequently interrupted by the calling of seals. Work and it's attendant worries and vexations by now had been utterly forgotten, the crew being left alone with their boat and it's natural element. It is very difficult to describe the satisfaction of being anchored in some out of the way place with one's own boat but it is certainly worth the effort of building to feel.

The next morning saw a continuation of force 2 from the south but with it sadly also a sea fret of such proportions that from the entrance to the Kettle it was impossible to see the truly huge bulk of Bamburgh Castle near opposite across not much more than a mile of sea. The pinnacle of Lindisfarne Castle to the north did not appear until we had run into the Ooze under it's walls. Sailing on this coast seems to be marked by massive fortifications which you tick off as you go up or down the coast.

From the north, firstly Berwick, not so much a town as a giant English bastion on the north bank of the Tweed, it's immensely thick, grass topped walls, somehow incongruously peaceful. Second is Lindisfarne Castle, the survivor of two forts that were once on the island and visible for miles around on it's pinnacle of rock. Third, Bamburgh, which appears so intact that from seaward it is nearly possible to feel the gaze of mail-clad sentries. Dunstanburgh, fourth. has already been mentioned, visible even in it's ruined state for miles. The gaunt and shattered ruins speak eloquently of the past and the sheer futility and waste of the Anglo-Scottish border. Fifth, Warkworth (where old Northumberland lay crafty sick), a strange and siege ravaged medieval Trump Tower dominating a charming and very peaceful village.

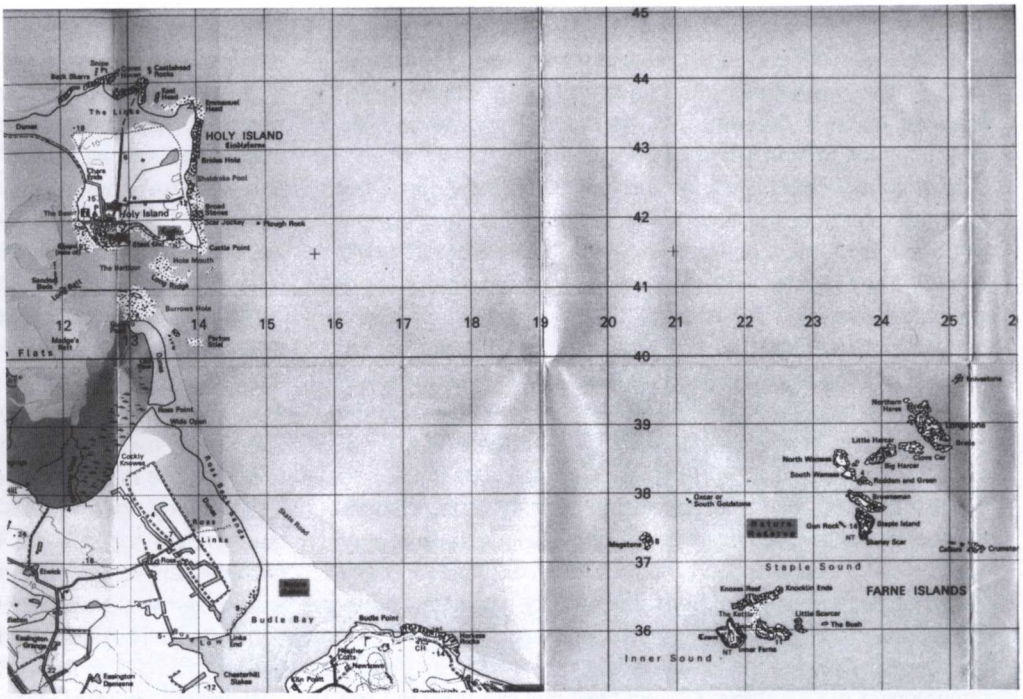
However, enough of the way-markers and back to the cruise which by this time had delivered your intrepid adventurers to Lindisfarne, the one time home of Aidan and Cuthbert, and all in a charming spot.

Leaving aside a recommendation of the Crown and Anchor which does excellent food up in the village, Lindisfarne / Holy Island has a huge attraction for cat sailors: large covering sand flats (see photo page 9). With the wind touching 3 and above the water over the flats once they are flooded, very often remains wonderfully placid. Ti-Ti at any rate thoroughly enjoyed romping through the shallows with tiny white tops breaking around her where few other craft could venture. Then with the tide ebbing it was back to the sheltered anchorage on the Ooze and ashore for a good walk and a pleasant pub supper. Life probably has greater pleasures but not many and two days were spent as above.

All good things must come to an end though and at noon on the 30th Lindisfarne harbour was left and catching a force 1-2 from the ENE, Ti-Ti set off south to Beadnell. The holiday was not yet over but it still seemed an awful omen to be sailing south (even in bright sunshine) towards eventually a desk covered in deeds. The passage down to Beadnell was uneventful although as usual there was a nasty steep sea between the south part of Inner Farne and Seahouses.

The 31st saw us sail down to Boulmer on the flood and I cannot recommend this most unusual of havens too greatly. Boulmer Haven appears at high water as an unprotected

beach. As the water falls you find yourself in a bay nearly entirely surrounded by rocks apart from a small entrance known as the Marmouth. If you go into Boulmer be sure you are happy to take the ground and watch carefully for the couple of rocks that are on the otherwise good clean sandy bottom.



Early on the 1st of August we sailed out of the Marmouth and headed south into Alnmouth Bay and thence with luck to our mooring on the river Coquet. Sadly though, no sooner had Alnmouth been raised than the wind died completely. The tide being foul and this being a spring tide there was no hurry to get into Amble, the bar of which was certainly impassable and Ti-Ti was paddled & sailed across the expanse of the bay. Arriving off the mouth of the river, the boat was carefully beached on the bar and her sails pulled down. She was then walked over the bar and paddled upriver while drunk looking monohulls lay sot like on every side. There are some manoeuvres that you really only can carry out with a Tiki.

James

Rhiannon's Summer Cruise Stephen Veale Tangaroa I

The best way to enjoy nature is sailing on my Wharram catamaran, Rhiannon. Of course, sometimes nature has other plans. I left Rhiannon's homeport, Cedarville Marina, N.J. on Tuesday, July 15, 2003 solo, as my wife had some business to take care of. I made the usual trip down the Delaware Bay, and anchored in Cape May Harbor for the night.

The following day I sailed to Atlantic City, where we usually anchor in Rum Pond. Anyone looking for a good spot to anchor should turn right just past Clam Creek. The casino lights across the inlet are pretty, especially from a distance. The following dawn brought a gibbous moon that passed within four degrees of Mars.

The next day took me to Manasquan Inlet to anchor in Glimmer Glass Pond, where fireworks were displayed on one of the other beach towns, not too far away. The following day was a five-hour sail to New York, where after anchoring in Graves End Bay, I cooked the blue fish I caught while trolling, took a swim and a solar shower. This did wonders for the tired sailor!

Saturday morning I motored under the Verrazano Narrows Bridge, and through New York Harbor. It still takes some getting used to, not seeing the Twin Towers of the Trade Center. I stopped at City Island, and fueled up, then on to Port Jefferson, on Long Island N.Y., where I spent the weekend enjoying the pleasures of the harbor.

Monday started out with rain, but by 09:00, with foul weather gear on, I was ready to go. The wind was out of the southwest, 15-20 knots, in the lee of Long Island. Made some inspections of things, and I noticed that one of the turnbuckles had a crack in the toggle that holds it to the chainplate. I put a lashing between the shroud and the chainplate as an added precaution, in case it decided to let go.

After making the turn around the headland, the wind was on the nose, 20-25 knots. Also, being out of the lee, there was a fetch of a few miles. While motorsailing under main and yankee with the autohelm taking care of that chore, I went below to check on the navigation for a few minutes. Suddenly there was a loud booming sound, and after going topside, saw that the windward shroud had parted, the top two thirds of the mast was angled back at about 55 degrees, and the top third of the mast was impaled between the aft port deck and the bulwark.

At this point, I was more pissed at myself for not replacing the defective turnbuckle, than scared. With adrenalin pumping, I was able to get the sail out of the water, and the lose rigging secured, and out of the way.

Next, I went below, and made a call to the Coast Guard to tell them I was dismasted. This was about 14:00. I told them that I wasn't in danger, but that I needed a tow. They put me in touch with a commercial towing company, and we maintained radio contact until he got on scene about an hour later.

After being taken in tow, going directly into the wind, the mast started moving, getting closer to the horizontal. The only thing holding the mast up at this point was the lower shrouds.

I once asked Tom Jones, who designed the rig, why he put the third, lowest pair of shrouds on the rig, which always seemed to be in the way, and he said, "They may be the only thing left to hold the mast up someday."

How right he was! I radioed the towboat to slow down, but with the motion of the boat in the seaway, this was causing the mast to hit the steering wheel, which I was afraid would break at any moment. The wheel is attached to the back of the mast case.

After not too many minutes, the mast case broke, where the bolt holding the mast goes through. Luckily, the mast fell, missing the wheel [and me] by inches, onto the deck. Not so lucky was the tiller crossbar. It broke through it like a hot knife through butter. After about seven miles, we made it to Lake Montauk, the Eastern most point of Long Island, whereupon the Coasties made a boarding inspection. At least the kids had a sense of humor: Such as, "Do you have any nuclear devices aboard, incendiary devices, guns, rocket launchers?" They said they were required to ask.

"None of the above, Sir." We passed!

Surveying the situation, I discovered that the lashing I put on the shroud had held, as up to this point I thought that it had parted. The reason the mast broke was from the shock load imparted to the mast when the turnbuckle broke. More about this later.

I spent the next few days licking my wounds, playing tourist in the town of Montauk, and making repairs to the tiller bar, removing the rigging, and securing the mast to the deck. Having called around to several boatyards, I found one located about 30 miles away, Sag Harbor Yacht Yard, in Sag Harbor.

The following Saturday, I motored there and picked up a mooring. I spent the weekend acquainting myself with the town. I stopped in for a pint at a fancy marina bar, and across from me was a gent that looked like the musician, Billy Joel, with a beauty on either arm. My curiosity getting the best of me, I asked, "Are you Billy?"

He said he wasn't.

"You certainly look like him," I said.

"Yea, I hear that a lot."

"I was told that he lives in Sag Harbor."

"Yea, he does."

"Okay, take care."

Later on the way back to Rhiannon, I saw one of his boats, "The Down Eastern Alexis," which is named after his daughter and the title of one his songs. I guess anonymity is a valued commodity for famous people.

My wife Cindy drove up from New Jersey on Monday, spending a few days before driving back. We took advantage of having "wheels," to do some shopping and exploring. The following week was spent fixing the mast. Luckily, I was able to do most of the work myself, and the boat yard lent me the power tools to boot. While doing so, I discovered that where the mast broke, the epoxy between two of the laminations did not adhere and it was smooth for about a three-foot section. The stick is solid, made up of three laminations of 2"x 6" Douglas Fir. I think that the break was caused by amine blush, as there were no torn wood fibers, but the epoxy was as smooth as a baby's ass!

After about a week the mast was ready to go back up. The yard stepped the mast on Saturday, August 8. The following day I motored over to where an annual boat party held in front of Jimmy Buffet's house. There was a band playing aboard a large boat, decorated to look like an island, with palm trees and all. There were about a hundred boats anchored. The marine police had a field day chasing down drunks going to fast in their high-speed powerboats. Much fun was had by all. I spent a few hours anchored among the other boats, tightening the rig, as it was still quite loose.

The next Wednesday, my youngest son Kyle drove my wife, Cindy, back up. He, their puppy, and his girlfriend spent a couple of days with us before driving back home. While they were away for the day, the dog decided to leave them a quite nasty mess in their bunk. Of course Dad wasn't going to be the one to clean that one up!

While they were with us we rowed ashore to hear a free outdoors concert. On the way in, we could hear music, but no lights anywhere. It turned out to be a blackout that affected the whole northeast area, where power was out for some time. The local pubs made do with candles and or generators.

We spent about another week playing tourist, sailing over to Greenport, N.Y., on the other side of Shelter Island. We celebrated our wedding anniversary there before returning to Sag Harbor. Back in Sag Harbor, Cindy saw a crane lower a white grand piano into a house that Billy Joel was just finishing building. Saturday night there was a great fireworks display from a barge anchored less than a mile from us.

After almost a month in Sag Harbor, we started back home, heading west down Long Island Sound. We stopped at one of our favorite anchorages, The Thimble Islands, Connecticut. These lovely islands are boulders pushed by ancient glaciers. The engine decided that it was not going to run well this day. I spent the better part of the sail trying to get it to run correctly, to no avail. While anchored, I popped the engine hood off of the Yamaha 9.9, and found some wires that had corroded. I cleaned them up and retaped them. Tape is just a temporary fix, as salt water will find its way through the tape before to long. Much better to solder as soon as possible. The engine ran perfectly on Wednesday, and saw us through N.Y. Harbor, to Manasquan, N.J. Thursday we dropped the hook in Rum Pond, anchoring near Atlantic City for the night. On the way, the engine started missing more than before. So much for the thought that I had traced the problem to a bad wire connection.

Getting ready to leave A.C. the next morning, the engine wouldn't start. After many tacks, with a fair tide, we made it through Absecon Inlet, and back into the ocean. After awhile, the engine decided it was ready to run again. We motorsailed all day, reaching Cape May Inlet at 19:00. Motor sailing through the Cape May Canal, we entered Delaware Bay a half hour later, to be pasted by a thunderstorm, with the added excitement of 30 knots of wind, rain, and lightening. This is the weather that I tell the first mate to go below, as she does not enjoy it at all! I dropped the sails, and put her on course up the Bay. Since it was a dark and stormy night, threading our way up Cedar Creek was not made easier by the rechargeable spotlight, which was becoming dimmer by the minute. Only missed one turn, though, and that was remedied by throwing the "Yamahamer" in reverse, and making the correct turn up the cut. We arrived back at Cedarville at 02:00, waking the first mate with "Honey, we're home!"

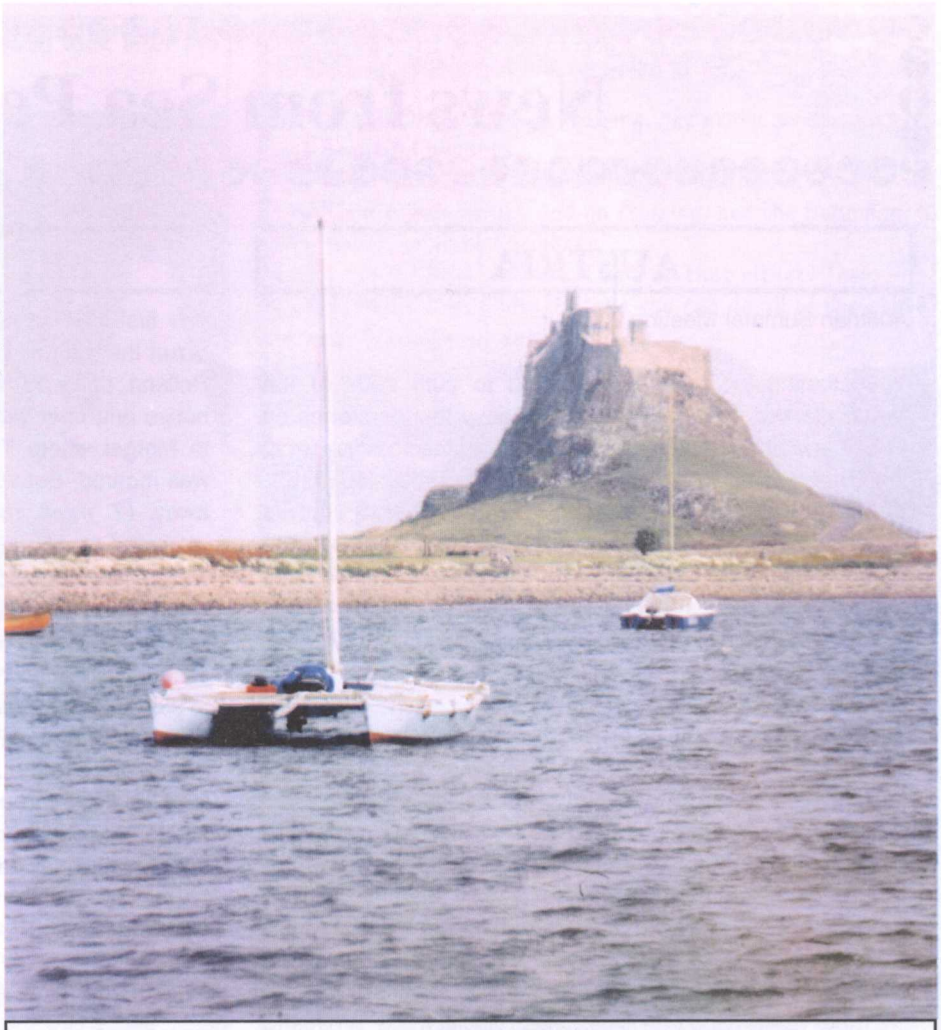
Rhiannon was back in her stall, and we in our bed.

Post script. I have had similar problems with the same brand of turnbuckle [Hayne] before. I had a shroud break just below its fitting, on a trip to Bermuda, but have never had a nicopress fitting fail. Granted, the fittings are over twenty years old, so as with any stainless steel fitting, it should be held suspect. Metal fatigue in this case was apparent.

Originally, I had lashings instead of turnbuckles, but thought I could get a tighter forestay with them. The first sail after putting the turnbuckles on, I cracked the mast bearing beam! So much for a tighter forestay! I think I'll go back to lashings.

I was surprised to find out that the VHF worked, without being hooked up to the antenna. The antenna cable broke when the mast did the same. However, I was told that you could burn a radio out if you transmit without being hooked up to an antenna.

Stephen & Cindy Veale



Ti-Ti anchored under the lee of Lindisfarne Castle, Holy Island

Rhiannon ghosting along in light summer breeze

News from Sea People

AUSTRIA

Austrian Summer Meeting 2004

The meeting took place June 18th to 20th 2004 at the Neusiedlersee. It started with very heavy thunderstorms on Friday and after clearing up we had a spectacular sunset at the Early Bird Meeting. JONATHAN, TWO HUSKIES, WINDDANCER, MANIHI, TANE and KANANASKIS showed up in the Bay of Oggau. Guenther and Gundi Zimmermann joined in onboard TANE and we heard the latest news of their cruise in the Caribbean (they have crossed the Atlantic already in 2002 with their Tiki 30 ANNA SOPHIA).

On Saturday we enjoyed very good winds and the fleet of 10 Wharram Catamarans sailed south to the Vogelinsel for a raft up. There we had to learn that it takes more than one anchor to hold a raft (everybody was relying on the other). Once we had our raft well fixed we had our 'Wuerstelparty'. In the later afternoon we headed north towards Jois where we could sneek in through the narrow reed channel with nice tail winds (next day we also had tailwinds in the other direction to get out – this happens very seldom, usually you have headwinds). At the 'Seejungfrau' Restaurant we met the other sailors and had a very good social meet. Wolfgang and Evelyn Weissmueller joined in with their newly acquired Tiki 26 OHANA (ex Black Cat). The boat was built very solid by the previous owner. Wolfgang flies a Genoa as standard and this compensates easily the weight (including a crew of 4) and the boat sails as fast as the others.

During the night a cold front passed through (producing the wind shift) and the next morning scene did not invite us to set sail immediately and consequently we all had an extensive breakfast together.

Gerald (Winkler)

See photos page 16 -Ed

BRITTANY, FRANCE

The first PCA meet in Brittany occurred as a mini-meet at Sizun the 17th July. Dave Peak joined us after driving from Holland, firstly by we sharing our lunch in our spheric wood house and after visiting the building of our Tiki46, we drove to Morgat where TIGAKI the Tiki28 of Jean-Michel Bader was moored. But when arriving at the harbour the sun gone away. (*I think the sun was still there, but had been drowned by the rain—Ed*). All 7 of us (see picture on page 16/17) we climbed on board Tigaki and sailed toward Dournenez. The visibility was limited and in spite of a little rain we enjoyed this sail. With 7 adults on board the Tiki28 sailed easily and when approaching Douarnenez we decided to sail back to Morgat and to share our diner in our home.
The following morning with Dave and Jean-Michel we sailed from Morgat to the Aber Idult (just in the south of the headland 'Le Four' through the infamous Chenal du Four and we left Jean-Michel and TIGAKI to sail on alone for the remainder of his holiday back to Morlaix.

Bertrand (Fercot)

UK (APPLIES EVERYWHERE)

Congrats to Ellen MacArthur on her achievement.
Ken Hook, our secretary reports that he watched Ellen MacArthur's approach and arrival at Falmouth on tv at the conclusion of her successful soloing round the world non-stop. He realised that here was a wonderful opportunity for the PCA to "fly the flag" at future such events, by getting their Wharrams into a welcoming fleet. All such big events attract national and international tv and press coverage and would be valuable publicity for PCA and Wharram cats in general.

Let's make sure we get Wharrams into future welcoming fleets anywhere in the world.

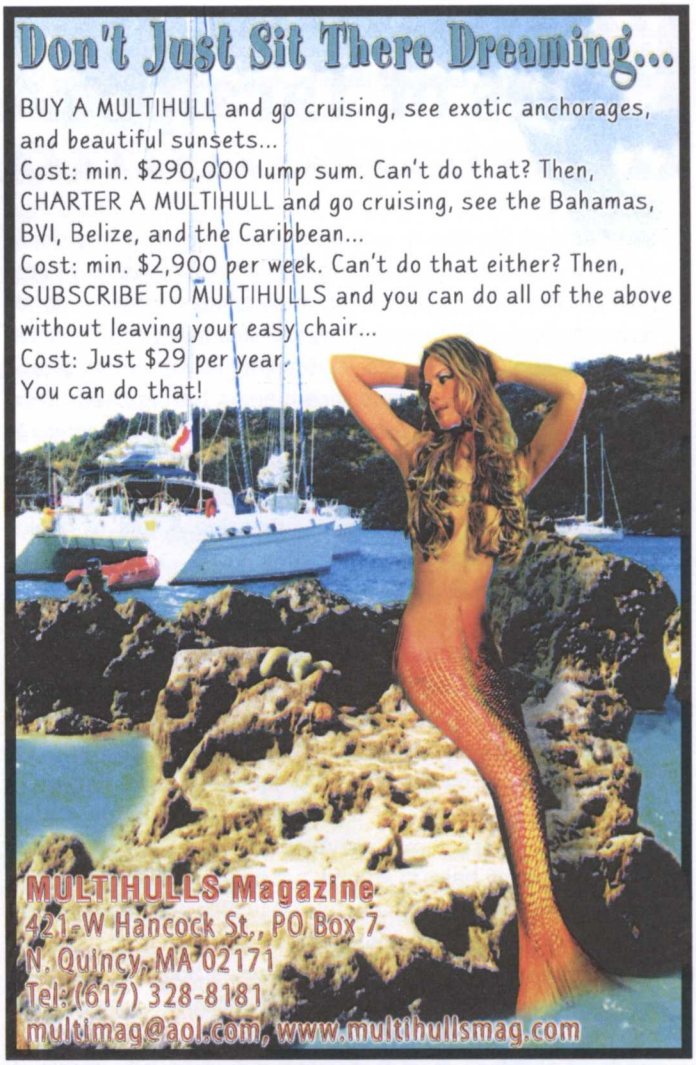
2 TIKI 30's IN MARTINIQUE

Hello Everyone,
The meeting with Bertrand and Marie Helen was perfect although we were the only participants. One afternoon we sailed on their boat PHA and on Jan 29th we sailed both boats from Lamentin to the Grand Anse d'Arlet, a wonderful bay on the W-coast and a perfect anchorage on sand. I took pictures of PHA from Anna Sophia with Bertrand's camera and I'm sure he will soon send you a selection of pictures from the meeting. The junk rig is fascinating but you must forget all you know about sails before you really understand it. The Fercots are people you like the first moment you meet them and there is no change coming a second time!
Bertrand showed me SeaPeople 58 containing my report on Venezuela (one little mistake: The pictures show Laguna Grande, not the Mochima fjord [*Whoops—Ed*]). I was pleased to read that John Jameson reached NZ and gets help from Don Brazier.
When we came to know John in Culatra in Aug.2002 Don and his wife Denise had just flown down from England to Faro to meet Dave Hender, Jane, Gundi and me as we all had come to know each other in Feb 2002 in NZ. There is really a global Wharram family!!!
I hope the Tapasya crew (Ron and Suzanne Metheny, Tiki38) has made it to NZ as well. We met them in the Guadeloupe archipelago in Feb 2003 and had an Austro-American Wharram meeting on their boat together with the crew of the Austrian Tangaroa "Slejpnir II".

Yours Guenter (and Gundi) Zimmerman

Beat Rettenmund and his T38 hulls. Good luck with the build and keep us posted!

Clayton Urey (with help from Nev Clement) starts lofting his Tiki 30 (see article on page 20).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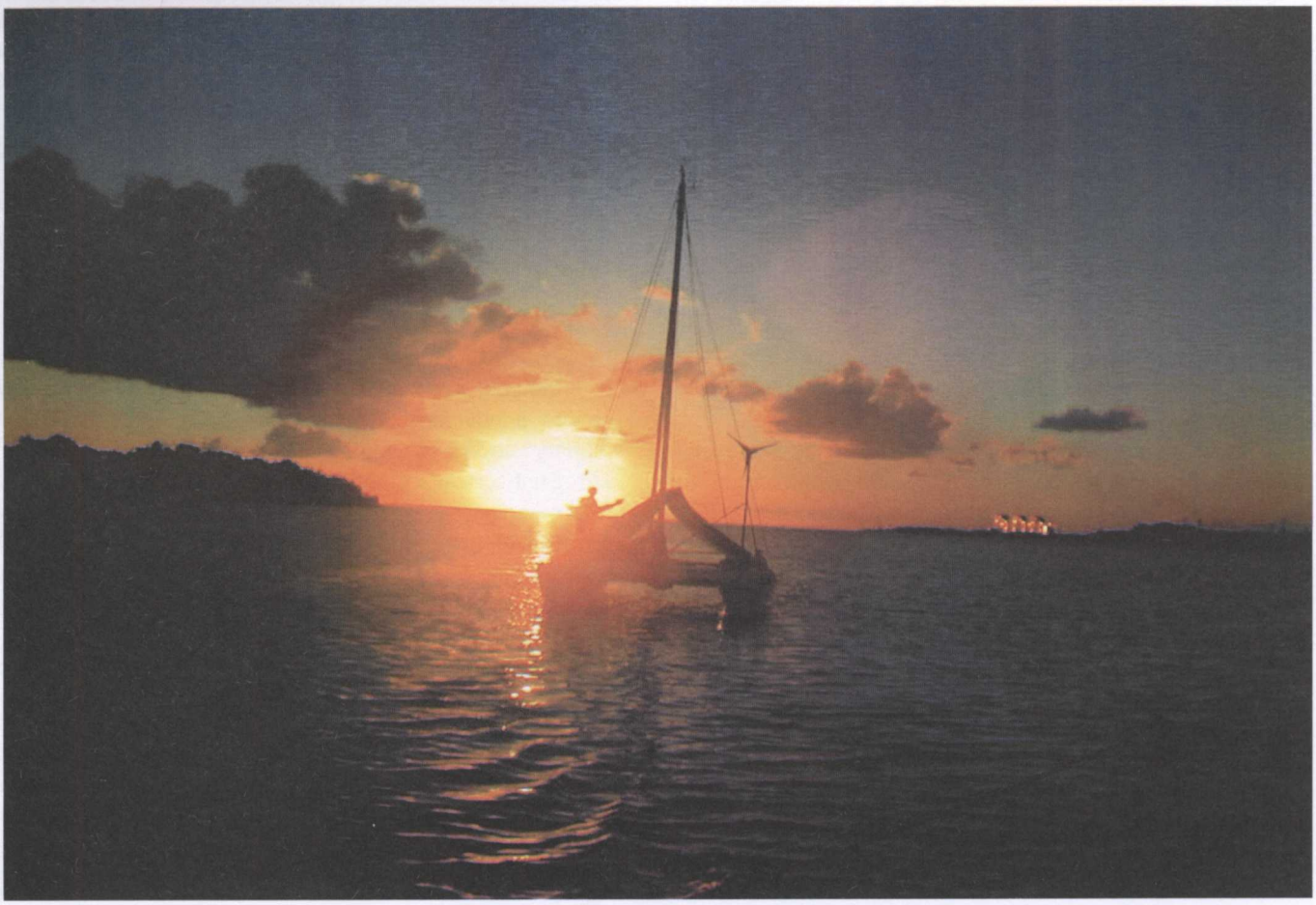


Tales of Taraipo (cont'd from #58) John Jameson Tangaroa I

17 MAY 2004

Mid Pacific & it's time to get writing again before every detail of the wonderful voyage is forgotten. We have been at sea now for about four weeks & you may wonder what we do all day everyday. Well I can tell you that it is difficult to find time to read a book from the ship's library let alone a magazine. I have been very fortunate in recent times having been given lots of American magazines like National Geographic & Sport Diver. Thank you to Magic Carpet for Chewbacca Ride which was very interesting about rig technology, Latitude 38, a west coast yachting 'freebee' magazine & lots of books mostly brought out by McLaren.

MAST & DAMAGE TO KIT

Taraipo manages to spring a wee surprise most days, either running maintenance or a repair job to list a few. The topmast is slowly developing a permanent bend aft & to starboard & is a constant source of conjecture as to when it will break, so we are trying to nurse it along but neither of us can resist piling on the sail in order to keep up the daily average. Not enough sail & we go too slow & run out of water. Too much sail we'll maybe bust the mast & run out of water! The main halyard sheave popped out which had been new in Trinidad. The running backstay fitting broke. A hull to beam joint broke. The mast head radar reflector made in Brazil broke & fell to the deck missing us both but reducing our target range from 11 miles to 2 miles so now we ask passing ships to give us a 'radar check'. All of this kit is made of stainless steel that is 'crap' & difficult to repair at sea with tools powered by our wonderful Honda EX7 generator.

DISMASTING FLASHBACK

When we dismasted mid-Atlantic we had a hell of a job cutting away the dangling mast, rigging & sails. With hindsight what we should have done was got out the generator & the 'winkelschlasser' or grinder & we could have probably saved most of the kit & probably cut the mast into sections & saved them too! The dismasted catamaran is a relatively stable working platform mid-ocean. Taraipo's downwind rig comprises of storm jib free flying from the windward bow, number one jib & mainsail sheeted down hard to the traveller extremity & is virtually chafe free but luff ropes in modern sails are very vulnerable after 10,000 miles sailing.

So here we are with 834 miles to go to the Marquesas Islands & about 2,200 miles from our last stop in the Galapagos. Who are we? Kristina from Sweden who did the trans Atlantic epic with me is aboard. Just prior to leaving Pedregal in west Panama near the Costa Rica border I discovered her advert on www.7knots.com & jumped on an overnight bus 300 miles to Cristobal to try to persuade her to do another trans-ocean trip aboard Taraipo. With some reluctance she agreed to come along. The first few weeks were pretty tough on the boat after my leisurely cruise with McLaren from the Panama Canal to the Islas Las Perlas, the Gulf of Chiriqui & a long meander through the croc infested mango fringed waterways leading to Pedregal & David, Panama's second city. David is a wonderful, friendly, safe & cheap place to stock up & prepare for a long trip, the longest trip!

Shock Horror! We grounded just before low water on a rocky shelf at dusk just prior to exiting the waterways. No serious damage to the keels when I had a walk round to check but was nearly washed off my feet when the tide reversed as 1 knot is fast!

It's midnight now, time for Kristina to take over. Otto, the autopilot has just thrown a 'wobbler'. Peep, peep, peep goes the alarm. A squirt of WD 40 has fixed the problem for the time being. We have been at sea for about 4 weeks now. After a gentle start leaving the Chiriqui, "Yes" I said, "The Pacific is the pacific but I was wrong. It was a rough sail to the Galapagos, on the wind with a cross current pushing Taraipo to Hawaii".

GALAPAGOS

It is 4 weeks precisely since we left the Galapagos. It was a disappointment in that we were not on good terms with each other & the anchorage that we chose at Academy Bay was not the best, being on a lee shore & congested with excursion boats. Ashore was clean, friendly & convenient with gas, diesel, Internet available & cheap. We should have gone to Isla Isabella 30 miles downwind to see the wildlife. Inexplicably we didn't, instead heading initially for the Marquesas then finding a good slant for Easter Island that subsequently turned into a rough closehauled course on port tack again. We have now done 3000 miles on port so no wonder the topmast has a permanent bend to starboard. After beating our brains out for a week against the cold Humboldt Current we turned right & headed for the Marquesas once again. This passage is the most wonderful in all my life. The sea was surprisingly short & bumpy at the start with nasty little cross seas crashing against the port side, my side & soaking everything, making the night watches a misery. The Wharram catamaran is a noisy beast. As I lie in my bunk the noise of water rushing between the hulls resonates loudly. Taraipo is narrow by modern day standards being only 5 metres & there is a lot of interaction of the bow waves between the hulls.

MID-OCEAN SWIMS

On leaving the Galapagos the hulls were clean. Two weeks later the boat was sluggish no matter how much sail was put on the bendy mast. 'Merde!' The hulls were covered in rubbery suckers so over the side went skipper & crew armed with paint scrapers & tied to the ship with orange umbilicals. An exhilarating swim in big waves cleared the beasts & they were never to return. Many are the days that the sails & swim ladder are lowered for wonderful mid-ocean swims spoiled only by jellyfish stings. We have seen no sharks yet though they are everywhere. But we see large pods of dolphins. We have caught only one tuna & loads of flying fish

20 MAY 2004

No moon, a fantastic milky way of stars at 0200 hours with 699 miles to the Iles Marquesas & a cross track error 8.13 miles left. Taraipo is sailing at 4 knots on the port gybe with full main, number one jib & the storm jib set on the port bow

in 6 knots of wind blowing straight down the rhumbline so we sail 10 to 15 degrees either side to keep her going well. Checking on the GPS all the time is better than watching TV!

TRAMPOLINE

Today I cut away the remains of the port trampoline that I fell through & which had disintegrated due to UV degradation on the way to the Galapagos. The hole in the foredeck is covered with a boarding net. I made a new trampoline from some fine mesh tuna fishing net bought from a Tiki 31 (*Boat/owners name? - Ed*) in Balboa for 10 dollars.

RUSTY TOOLS

The toolkit has been out for a regular de-rusting session, re-coating with Vaseline now that the humidity is down to 60%. However the water temperature is going up again & is 29 degrees in the bilges.

WATER RATIONS

The water stock of 240 litres that is stowed in 10 & 20 litre plastic jerry cans is now down to 100 litres. We use about 3 litres each per day inclusive of washing, teeth cleaning etc. I use Johnson's baby wipes to keep clean & all washing & washing up is done in saltwater that makes your porridge spoon go rusty over night & is 'yerk'.

FOOD STORAGE GAS/DIESEL/ELECTRICITY

Yep we have run out of homemade meusli as they don't sell it in Central America so we have re-discovered porridge which is very nice with raisins & pancake syrup. After 4 weeks we have just run out of Galapagos 'spuds' & cabbage but the onions are still going strong. The fresh bread only lasts 7 or 8 days but the sun-dried bread lasts forever. We should have made more on our first of three small 2–5 litre camping gas cylinders. It was amazing. We have used about 10 litres of diesel for top-up charging & the two solar 50 watt panels produce enough electricity for lights, autopilot, GPS, depth/speed/wind instruments & the gas alarm. The cheese has kept OK without refrigeration in vacuum packs as well as great value Parmesan. Another discovery we made was that salted margarine lasts at least 6 weeks & powdered milk & some Soya milk powders are excellent. Warm beer or coke without ice is not cool. Warm rum with lime & Chilean red wine at 2 dollars per litre go down OK when the occasion warrants! Soaking dried beans & lentils is using up a hell of a lot of water & gas & I had not thought of that. Thank goodness there are virtually no clothes to wash.

I was over the side again today for a beautiful swim in this 6000 metre deep swimming pool & cleared off the few remaining rubber suckers from the keels. We have been very lucky with the wind so far for the last 3 or 4 days broad reaching 24 hours a day under full sail over beautiful long, long swells.

SAIL REPAIR TECHNIQUE

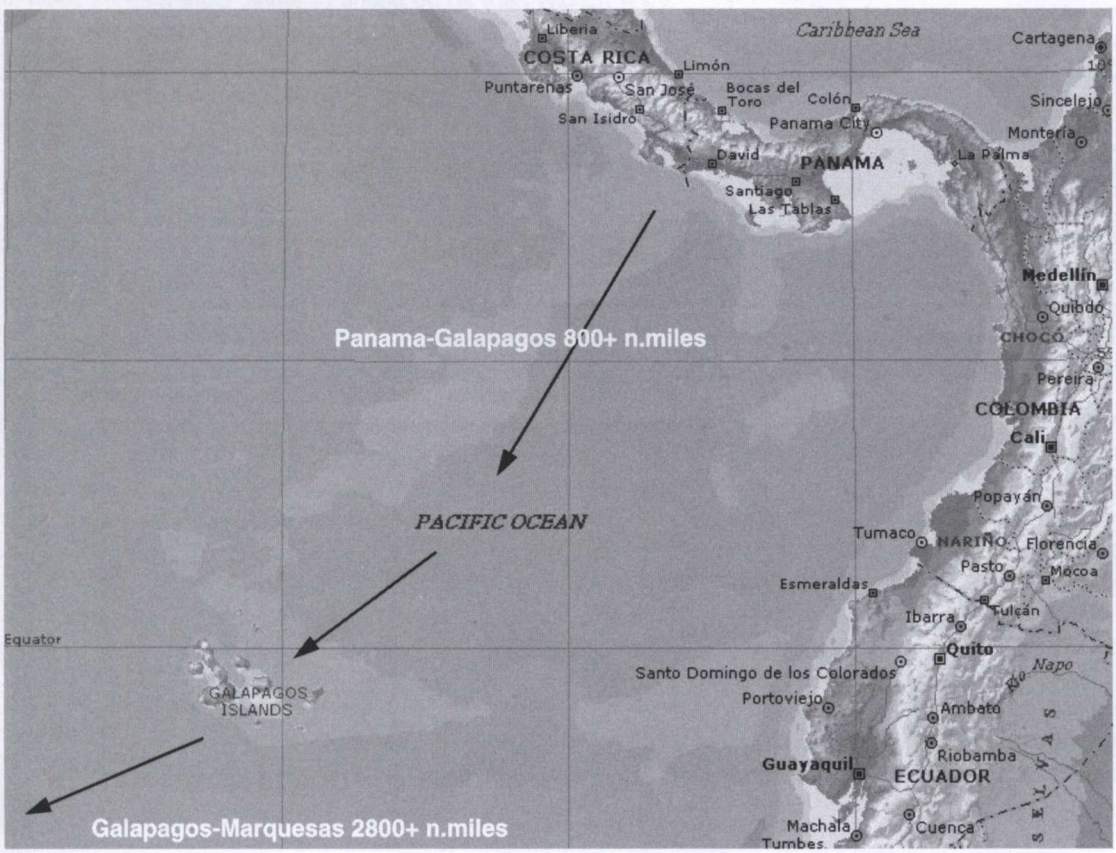
Using a new wonder sail repair technique, 'contact glue', small anti-chafe patches have been glued on the luff rope of the mainsail where it touches the hanks on the full length battens. Big repair patches can be glued provided the area of the sail to be repaired is clean & dry.

OFFICIALDOM

A lot of cool is required when dealing with customs & harbour authorities in most developing countries. In the Galapagos for example I fronted up at the Capitaineria on arrival, was ushered into a little office cluttered with old typewriters to be informed that as well as the usual Zarpe, Ship's Regulation Certificate from the last port of call & list of crew, even if single handed, a fumigation certificate was also required even for a tiny Wharram catamaran. The uniformed officer then escorted me to the Zodiac dinghy agent who does the fumigation as a sideline. I paid him 30 dollars for the certificate & doubtless the Naval officer got his cut too.

FUMIGATION

The fumigator came out next day & sprayed a minimal amount of fine powder into the corners that he could see & no more, telling us that we could dust it up in 3 hours time. If we had had any cockroaches they would have already gone ashore. The 'buggers' can eat their way through polythene bags did you know. Then I had to go to El Capitaineria again with duplicate copies before they would issue the Zarpe & check out. In Panama we had to check out of Colon at the north end of the canal & check in again in Balboa at the south end! NB. Water in the Galapagos cost us 1 dollar for 10 litres & it is treated by reverse osmosis you know.



ZARPES

The biggest rip off so far is the Venezualan agent's cartel in

Margarita & Puerto La Cruz. They will not check you out if they didn't check you in. I had to mail my ship's papers, passport & all back to Juan in Margarita to get my Zarpe & he ripped me off for 40 dollars. All in all one spends an immense amount of time playing silly games when the next country does not care where you have come from or whether you have a Zarpe or not. I checked into Panama 2 months after leaving Curacao. The immigration officer did not even blink. We had been in the remote San Blas islands all that time.

COPYING CHARTS

Oops! Shortly after leaving the Galapagos & heading for Easter Island we realised that we did not have the appropriate chart of the south eastern Pacific! So we have been plotting the daily fix on a rather fine old May 1970 British Admiralty Pilot Chart of the whole of the South Pacific, scale 1 to 13,880,000 which we were given by an Italian yacht Mabel. Step by step we are acquiring the necessary portfolio of charts & sailing direction books & nearly all are photocopies. I estimate that I have copies of 300 charts at approximately 1 dollar each, a total of 300 dollars. New charts, which we only use once would have cost more than £5000, one third of the value of Taraipo. Crazy for a box of paper eh? Of course this can lead to surprises where islands on old chart copies are not in exactly the correct place according to the GPS, the Global Positioning System & occasionally I have had to take a tracing on greaseproof paper of a missing section of coastline. So thank you to David on his French yacht Karma & Tabitha on Revelation from the USA. Thank goodness the US Navy see hydrography as a public service & encourage photocopying by not copyrighting nautical charts & it's a pity that the French & the Brits do not take the same view. We thank the Yanks for free use of the GPS, where would we be without it & the Boeing 747 that has made world travel so accessible.

FRENCH POLYNESIA

The catamaran is homing in on Hiva Oa in the Marquesas. I wonder how she will be received in Polynesia with a name like Taraipo? With 270 miles to go we are just clearing 2 days of heavy weather with 15 to 20 knots of wind & overcast for 24 hours & with luck it is going to be gentler for the landfall. The boat sails herself very happily with just 2 foresails, surfing at up to 8 knots. It looks like the mast is going to hold up all the way. In fact it is only bending about 17 cms laterally & 15 cms aft. We still have 70 litres of water remaining as we use two & a half litres per day each.

As well as doing my 6 hours per night on watch, I spend many happy hours watching the sea & sky in the day. It never ceases to amaze me the manner in which the sterns rise at the very last second to an overtaking wave or the fierce boiling under the hulls when a wave breaks between the hulls. We never get green water on the deck but we do get plenty of splash up through the slatted teak decks & nets or trampolines fore & aft. But we have yet to see the 'ultimate storm' & have only had 2 gales so far at sea & 2 at anchor & they're the scary ones. One slightly unnerving feature of the Wharram catamaran design is that you can discern the structure flexing visibly. The hulls also swing laterally about the central axis & you can feel the hull panels that are made of 12mm Bruynzeel plywood reinforced with stringers flexing by your ears as you lie in your bunk. The whole effect can be pretty awesome on a rough, black moonless night 2000 miles from the nearest land.

1 JUNE 2004

We have had a long trip to the Marquesas Islands but have managed to keep the boat in one piece. We are now in Hiva Oa & next stop will be Nuku Hiva. Email looks pretty hopeless & everything else is mega expensive so we will keep moving leaving the French islands a.s.a.p. unless I can find a job here. I'm not sure how long Kristina will continue as she hankers after a bigger, faster boat. I'll write some more as soon as I can & I have some photos ready to develop, print & send. John

12 JUNE 2004

Faxing from Ua Pou via an insurance man after losing his Visa card out of a pocket in the water he thinks, John says it's a holiday here so no phone or email. Otherwise it's been magic cruising. We've been to 5 anchorages since Hiva Oa. It's very wild & stunning with steep-to islands 3000 foot high. I expect to be in Pape'ete in Tahiti in 3 or 4 weeks time.

Judy Jameson

News from the Starboard Hull

This column will deal with any and all issues to do with stores, food preparation and storage, ships maintenance etc.

BOOK REVIEW

"FISH" - by Mark Bittman

The complete guide to buying, **preparing** and cooking fish.

I first came across this wonderful book whilst exploring the uppermost reaches of the Chesapeake Bay. A group shopping trip to Elkton, Maryland from the marina in North East left me with an hour to spare and so headed off to the library.

The most important difference between this book and other cookery books, few enough, as is, dedicated to fish, is the detail in the preparation stage. Also well worth mentioning is the listing by regional name as well as latin genus and species. Whilst written primarily for the american market, the identification of species is so well documented that locally named fish can be recognized quite easily.

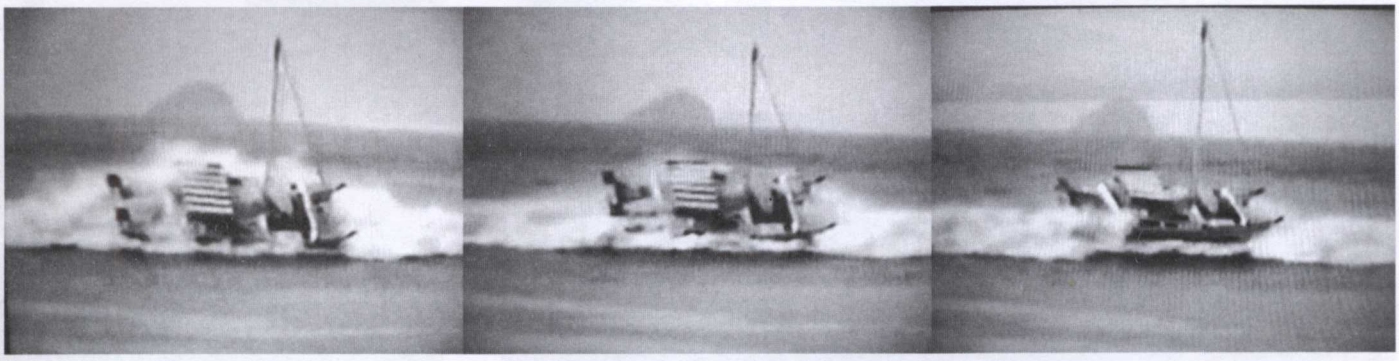
Some 60+ different fish species are covered and in my opinion worth the money just for the mackerel/bluefish & whitefish recipes.

Winner of the "Julia Child Cookbook Award" by the International Association of Culinary Professionals, it's recognized quality by professionals.

Wiley Publishing—ISBN 0-02-863152-8

I bought mine from amazon.co.uk for £13.50 (US = $19.95)

Tiki30 Survives Tsunami



Couple of salient points from this network broadcast. As early as photo 5 it seems obvious that she's not going over. Further investigation starting with the third frame, seem to show a small wave being created amidships probably produced by the fact that she is sliding away from the tsunami. Would have been helpful to have seen how other craft fared.

Thanks to Paul Barnett for these images, unfortunately Paul didn't get info on the boat or the location, but I suspect it's one of the charter Tikis based in Thailand. Any further info appreciated via PCA office or to editor@pca-seapeople.org

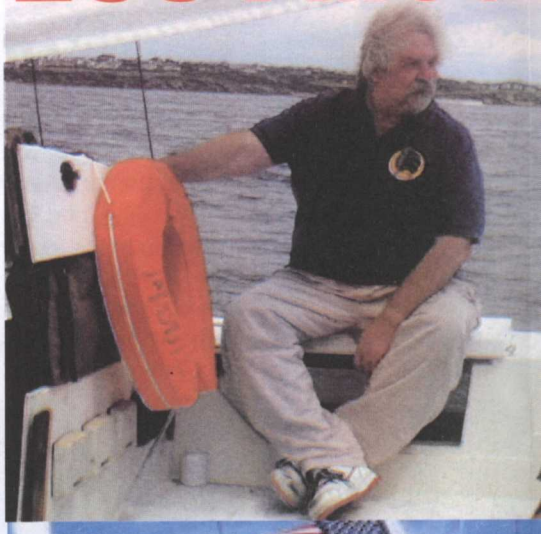
Austria, Summer 2004

Austria, Summer 2004

Brest, France, Summer 2004

Brest, France, Summer 2004

2004 Meet



Peck Lake, Florida, USA, Dec 2004

Chesapeake Bay, USA, Oct 2004

t Photos

Chesapeake Bay, USA, Oct 2004

Peck Lake, Florida, USA, Dec 2004

Peck Lake, Florida, USA, Dec 2004

Colombian Highs/Lows

Chuck Hinman Oro46 Tahiarii

A few last minute tasks and Tahiarii is about to depart Cartagena, Colombia after 10 months for Belize, Mexico, and Florida. We just spent a busy two weeks in a boat yard here and fiber-glassed the bottoms, replaced the keel shoes that were full of toredos, and painted everything. Tahiarii is a lady with new clothes. Although very economical by North American standards it drained the last of my cash so I have to go back to work.

My Colombian fiancé's visa petition for the United States has been approved so she might get an interview at the embassy and a visa in 2 or 3 months. Consequently she will be staying behind to get the visa. The local backpackers all want to go to Panama so I have no crew and will be sailing over the horizon single handed again. Now, if I can just get my home made wind-vane and trim-tabs to work... No worries mates.

Tahiarii Sinks

It is my sad duty to report the wrecking and sinking of Tahiarii. Everything was lost except the crew, which took a little swim.

The weather report was for 30 knot winds and 12 foot seas for three days. I thought that would make a fast passage. I had sailed Tahiarii in 50 knots downwind and 40 knots beam reach for a day each on previous occasions. I couldn't get any crew because all the backpackers wanted to go to Panama. I was eager to get to sea after 10 months in Cartagena, eager to get away from 6 months of boat maintenance, eager to see new places. So off I went solo due west out of Cartagena on Sunday morning May 10th in a Force 4 breeze and gentle seas. By evening the boat was out of the wind shadow of the coast, the winds veered to the east from northeast and increased to 30 knots or more, and Tahiarii was on course for Belize. I became violently nauseous for three days of the worst seasickness of my life. Usually on a voyage I am seasick only once and then feel immediately better. This time I puked every time I physically exerted myself. I didn't drink or eat for two days. On the third day I could drink a little and ate three almonds. On the fourth day I could keep things down but had no appetite so I drank as much as I could hold and forced down nuts and fruit.

I sailed until midnight and then heaved-to in the high wind and 12 foot waves to rest. My home-made wind-vane system was a failure again. I was still slave to the wheel. Spray from breaking waves soaked the boat and me. Everything was slippery from saltwater so I went everywhere barefoot and in harness and tether. The shelves in both cabins emptied themselves repeatedly. After repeated sessions of putting things away I just tossed things into the empty berths. During the night a wave slapped the inside of the downwind, port, hull and the vertical geyser of water dislodged the deck piece between the engine box and the port cabin so that I had a hole straight to the ocean.

The top broke off the port rudder the next morning, Monday. I didn't even say bad words. I was too tired and I don't say much when really bad things happen, just when little things frustrate me. I had noticed weeks previously some cracks in the leading edge of the rudder top but dismissed the problem after shoring it up with some aluminum plate. It was pure neglect. The tiller went over the side and was hanging by the cross arm. It took all day to clean up and disconnect the pieces because I was so debilitated and had to move slowly and carefully in harness. Tahiarii was 80 miles out, northwest of Cartagena. Tahiarii slowly drifted toward Belize while hove-to all day and night.

With all the hatches and ports closed the atmosphere in the cabin was fetid and dank but under the fan laying on my belly I was able to rest all night without being sick. I rigged the steering lines to the remaining tiller in the morning, Tuesday, and turned around to try to sail back to Cartagena. If I thought Tahiarii was slow turning with two rudders, one rudder was much worse. It took a mile and fifteen minutes to turn downwind and around to the opposite course but the best I could do was point 30 degrees south of Cartagena with the GPS showing my track going directly south so I laboriously turned around again and continued sailing for Belize. It was going to be a long haul on one rudder and I was rather concerned. If anything else went wrong I could be in a serious situation. I kept saying to myself, "Good decisions, make good decisions."

Boarding waves hit the boat every 20 minutes or so. The 12 foot swell and normal breaking waves were no problem but there was a cross swell then produced a peaking wave from the interference pattern. This wave suddenly appeared out of nothing as the high sides of two wave trains added up at an angle to make a wave higher than the others with a wall of white water plunging down its front into a hollow deeper than other waves as the low side of the two wave trains added up. I called this wave a haystack because of its resemblance to old fashioned conical haystacks.

A haystack wave hit the starboard bow and ripped off the bulwark facing it. I had weakened the bulwarks by cutting them away from the hulls when repairing rot in the hulls underneath the bulwarks. I tied the wheel and let Tahiarii steer herself, which she did quite well when sailing upwind or beam reach, and crawled out on the bow in my harness and sawed off the bulwark dragging in the water. A haystack hit the right side of the boat with a tremendous impact in the afternoon. I only had time to say, "Mother of God!", and the wave exploded over the boat. Tahiarii, traveling at 6 or 7 knots, lurched sideways. Inside the pilothouse behind closed doors I was soaked. I tied the wheel again and made an inspection inside the cabin. The inside shelves and bench in

the cabin all broke away from the hull where the wave hit and were hanging by splinters. All the stuff on the shelves on that side of the cabin was on the floor.

I wanted to get Tahiarii's weak side away from those waves so I tried to turn around for Cartagena again but I couldn't come close. On the other hand I thought if I got closer to the coast the wind might back northeast and decrease like it did when I came out. Another haystack hit my big, white Tub, my evacuation dinghy upside down between the cross plank over the front net and the front beam. It washed half over the side where it hung by its bow line and tore up the remaining bulwarks on the starboard bow. I scrambled up to the bow and cut it away.

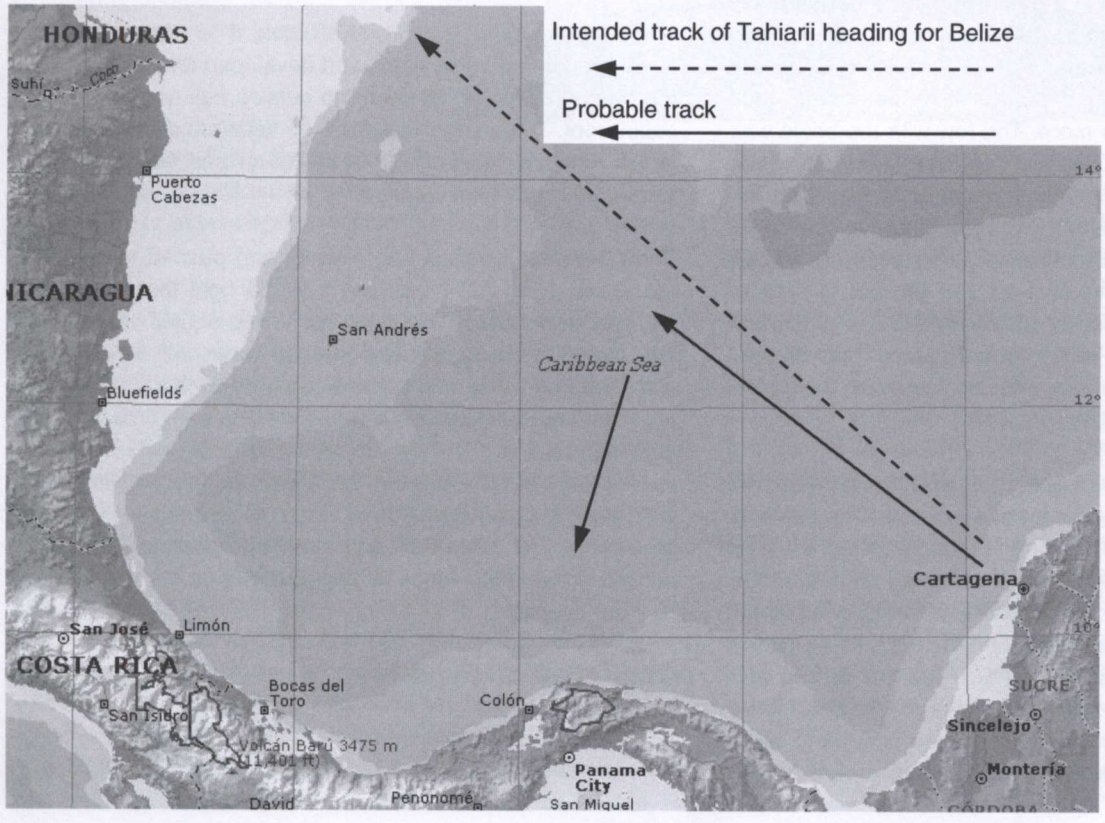
I went back to driving the boat but then noticed the beams were rising excessively on the inside starboard mount bolts and coming down with a very solid thump. I tied the wheel again to inspect this strange phenomenon and saw that three of the inside beam brackets that attached to the deck bolts were broken. I was astounded and very worried. I could imagine the outside bolts breaking and the hulls slowly separating as the masts came down in a tangle of shrouds, the hulls filling and being washed repeatedly by haystacks, and a bad end for the skipper. The only choice left was to turn downwind so I turned toward Colon, Panama, 200 miles south and a little west, where I could make repairs.

I sailed through the night keeping an eye on those beams, making 60 miles. The cross plank that rested on the inside bulwarks and the chain channel forward fell off the damaged bulwarks into the forward net. A wave caught it and ripped the net loose. No more access to the jib. In the morning on Wednesday I was falling asleep at the wheel after being awake 24 hours and staggering around from fatigue and weak from not eating. The weather had moderated to Force 6 without haystacks during the night. I wanted to sleep so I launched a drogue to keep the boat straight downwind. Not a good decision. The line caught the remaining rudder and popped it out of the gudgeons and it floated away before I could figure out what to do.

I had wrecked my boat! Without rudders she was no more than a raft. I knew right then that she was lost. After every succeeding bit of damage I imagined how to make the repairs. I could fix it, I knew how, I had the tools. It just took more time and money but I was short on both. Now it was hopeless. All the six months of boat projects and two weeks and $4000 in the boat yard were wasted. I stood on deck and remembered all of my Colombian fiancé Deyanira's work painting and cleaning and decorating. I had destroyed her home. We were going to live on Tahiarii after Deya got her visa and flew to the States and while I was looking for work. I felt a great sadness well up in me and I cried, "Deyanira, I'm sorry, I'm sorry!" I turned on the EPIRB (Emergency Position Indicating Radio Beacon) and turned over my American flag as a distress signal and went to bed.

In the afternoon an American patrol plane flew low over Tahiarii. I popped out of the cabin and talked to one of the crew on the VHF radio. He got my information and told me that the Panamanians were sending a patrol boat out to get me. They were due to meet me about 3:00 AM. I spent the rest of the day eating, drinking, and packing my photos, clothes, documents, credit card, heirlooms, and other important stuff in eight bags, packs, and suitcases. I thought the patrol boat would evacuate me like the US Coast Guard.

I woke up at 3:00 AM and there was no sign of the patrol boat. I tried the radio and got no answer. I went back to bed. At noon or so on Thursday I was woken up by a deep base horn. I popped out of the cabin again and beheld a tanker in ballast a quarter mile downwind of me rolling heavily in the eight foot swells. I talked to the Captain Susanna Jafs of the tanker Tocata bound for Aruba on the radio and she asked if she could be of assistance. The watch on the tanker had spotted my upside down flag. I asked her to call the US Coast Guard or the Panamanian rescue center, give them my coordinates, and ask what the situation was. This she did and motored three hours around Tahiarii until the Panamanian patrol boat came in sight from the north at 3:00 PM. It was an 82 footer formerly of the US Coast Guard and it looked rather puny out on the high seas. Evidently the patrol boat had gone to my original position but not allowed



for the 20 miles Tahiarii had drifted during the day and night. I was very grateful for assistance of the Tocata.

The Panamanian skipper put a crewman aboard Tahiarii with their rigid hulled inflatable dinghy to secure a tow line. The crewman said not to worry, they had done this before. This surprised me but gave me hope of salvaging all my stuff. Everything I owned was aboard Tahiarii. He placed a loop of line around both large cleats on the forward deck beam. Under tow at 9 knots with a single line and lacking a drogue or rudders Tahiarii was unstable and yawed rapidly from side to side. This ripped up my chain channel resting on the forward net beam and cracked the port stem before it chafed through. The cleats were on one of the beams with broken brackets so I was waiting for the beam to rip out of its mounts but there was never any hint that it would come apart. After a while I didn't worry about it. There was plenty of other things going on to capture my attention.

The patrol boat changed crewmen on Tahiarii and we placed a large loop around the outside of both bows but this was still a single line and no more stable than before A slight contact with the patrol boat while passing the line snapped off the port stem so that the forestay and running backstays went slack and the mainmast started waving back and forth. The outside port bulwark ripped off as well. I scrambled out to look but there was no hole. Edgar and I stayed back in the pilothouse under the protection of the mizzen shrouds. I made tuna salad sandwiches for dinner. Then the line parted again.

For the third try I finally got across the idea to Edgar using bad Spanish and a drawing of towing with a bridle. He radioed instructions to the patrol boat and they threw us a heaving line with the bridle and tow line which we secured to the cleats on the forward deck beam. This sounds pretty easy but every time we had to secure a line we had to scramble out on those skinny bows in the dark without a net and only wobbly inner bulwarks for stability and then pull the line around to one side or the other. Passing the line usually took several tries with a heaving line and the whole process took half an hour to an hour or more. The tow with the bridle was much more sedate and I went to bed for my first off-watch. Edgar got me out of bed two hours later and I took over the watch. Around midnight when I was just about to get Edgar out of bed the bridle chafed through. Edgar got out of bed groggily from my shouting and radioed the patrol boat to stop and make repairs. Somehow during retrieval of the line they got it wound around their starboard prop shaft. So they were down to one engine and propeller. Just one thing after another. When was this going to end?

After an hour or so we were able to secure another line and bridle to Tahiarii and off we went at five knots. The line was getting progressively shorter. It had started at about three or four hundred feet and now was down to one hundred to one fifty. Edgar took over the watch and I went below to rest. I woke up at 2:30 Friday when I felt an impact that shook the entire boat. I was in just my pants. I got out of bed and calmly and leisurely donned my shirt, shoes, and life jacket. I just realized as I write this that I left the fan going and cabin light on as the boat sank five minutes later. I went out on deck to the pilothouse and Tahiarii was already listing to port. I turned off the engine that was charging the batteries and grabbed my big flashlight. First I looked at the starboard bow and the stem was gone along with the forward net beam. The forestay was just hanging loose. Then I looked at the port bow and there wasn't any! It had been crushed half way to the front deck beam.

Panic! I screamed about the bow. We were still under tow at five knots. The water pressure must have crushed the collision bulkhead or peeled the hull like an orange. I saw a large section of the topsides float past. Edgar yelled into the radio to stop towing. I pulled open the port cabin hatch and stared down into clear water swirling with everything in the galley that would float. I pulled out my daypack containing my passport, boat documents, credit cards, and log and screamed about the water inside, "Agua dentro, agua dentro!!" The deck was going under. All my other bags slid into the water and floated away. The crew of the patrol boat scrambled on deck, cast off the tow line, and started launching the dinghy.

Edgar yelled about his ID card and cell phone he had put on the counter in the pilothouse. I shined the flashlight inside until he found everything. I yelled to Edgar about my 8' plastic dinghy. I want my dinghy, get in the dinghy! Edgar was confused. What's a dinghy? The little boat, the little boat, get in the little boat! My Spanish is bad enough to start with but panic reduced it to nouns and verbs of the wrong tense.

Edgar got into the dinghy and started bailing. I slipped into the water clinging to my daypack for dear life to push the dinghy out to sea as the mainmast fell on us in slow motion and swamped the dinghy. Edgar swam out from under but I was trapped under the ratlines and shrouds. I had an instant thought that the mast hadn't fallen and that I had made a very good mast base.

The masts, being solid wood, floated. The starboard hull filled through the cabin hatch and developed an air pocket in the triangular space between the outside hull and deck and cabin roof. These two sources of flotation stabilized the wreck with one hull half out of the water and the mainmast top slightly above the waves.

Then the mast bobbed with a wave and pushed me under the water. I thought I was going to die right there and remembered the scene in the movie "White Squall" where the kid tangled in the rigging was dragged under with the sinking ship. But I came up and scrambled between the rigging and the mast into clear water. Once clear of the boat I rolled over onto my back and relaxed to slow my panicked breathing and swam over to Edgar in the gentle six foot swells. The wind had dropped down to 15 knots so we had no trouble swimming. The cabin light and masthead running light still burned showing the wreck drifting ahead of us.

Continued on Page 30

The Ying & Yang of Building a Wharram

Mike & Marta Haromy Tiki 46 "Hecate"

It was on a beautiful sunny day in 2000 in Luperon Dominican Republic when Mike and I fell in love with the TIKI 46. We were cruising on our 30 foot Piver Trimaran "Mango" and someone had given us a copy of the "Multihulls magazine". In it, we found a drawing of the brand new TIKI 46 design by James Wharram and knew we had to build it. Mike had some experience with boatbuilding while my experience consisted of sanding and painting Mango and installing hatches and ports. It has been 2 years since we started building in our backyard and we've almost completed the port hull. James Wharram once said that it takes a man and a woman to build one of his boats and Mike and I agree.

Mike and I find that when we work together we're highly motivated, efficient and work in harmony while when we try to do it alone it's gruelling, tiring and often messy. We do little projects alone but come together for the large pieces. It's always so much more fun to work together. We make each other laugh, but more importantly at the end of a good day, there is such a sense of accomplishment. It's as if we were part of an amazing team of two.

Mike is the lead in our R&D, Design, Engineering departments while I am the Human Resources, organizational planning and Health Departments. Sure, we share many of the tasks, including sanding, glassing, drilling, cutting but we each seem to excel in a specific niche.

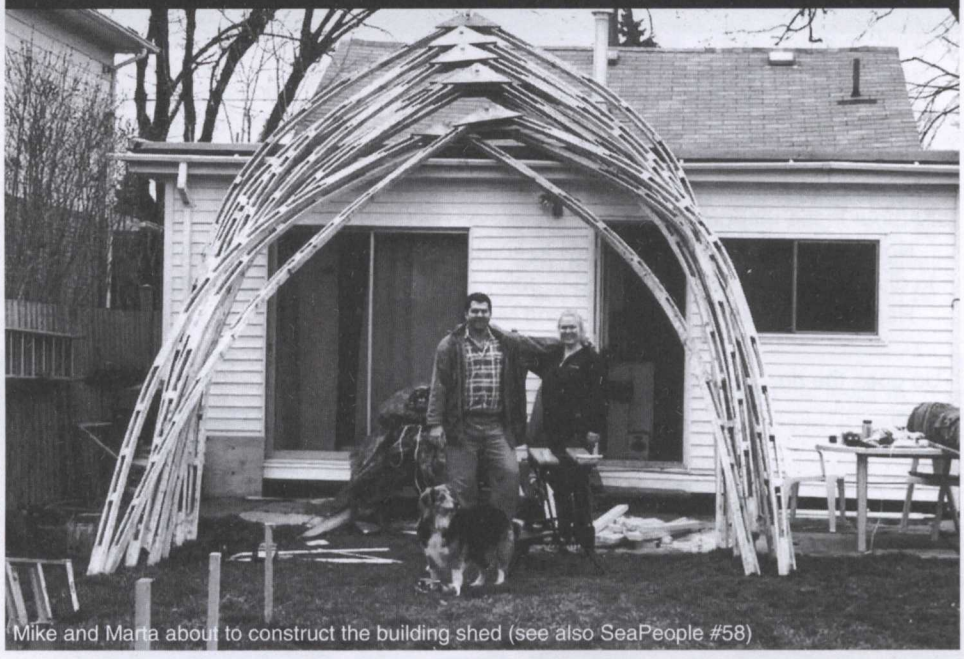
In his R&D capacity, Mike reads everything on sailing, boats, and follows many boat forums to get all the newest information. He is the brains behind the building. He plans next steps, does most of the calculations etc…

I, on the other hand, organize the tent, the boat, recruit family and friends to watch our baby girl so that we can work together, ensure that we've eaten and have plenty of water. In my HR capacity, I also keep us focussed, when Mike becomes overwhelmed with the size of our project I remind him to look at the trees not the forest. Because I don't know any better (not having read the plans in the entirety), I always believe that there will be time to do everything and everything is achievable. Ignorance is bliss.

We also acknowledge the work we both do on the boat and are proud of each others accomplishments. I think it would be a lonely task building a boat on one's own, so fellas if you're thinking of building find yourselves a woman who can sand. If she is just learning her way around tools, be patient and whatever you do, do not be condescending, remember you had to learn too.

I think that 2 men building a boat together would be terrifying! The egos, the competition of knowing better or knowing more. I have seen men around boats and it isn't pretty! I can just picture the arguments that would ensue. Mike knows more about boat building, he has done more research so I follow his lead. I do have lots of input though and Mike and I have spent many an hour over a rum and coconut juice, talking about the boat, planning, bouncing ideas around, sharing in the challenges that sometimes have come up. It has made our relationship better; it has created a special bond between us.

Mike & Marta would like to invite those living close enough (to Toronto), to come by for a picnic or BBQ in late April as a kick off to the boating season in Canada



Mike and Marta about to construct the building shed (see also SeaPeople #58)

A special note to the women: If your significant other is thinking of building a boat and you cringe at the thought, step out of your comfort zones a little, I promise you will not regret it! Try using a sander, a drill or a jigsaw, a whole new world will open up for you. Before I met Mike, I knew how to use a hammer and a screwdriver, now I can say that I can use every tool he uses. It gives me a sense of freedom, power and pride to know that I can feel totally at ease in any tool shed. Building this boat has given me skills that not every woman and potentially not every man has. That makes me feel great!

Building the boat is not only a passion for us but a great hobby that we can do together. The amazing thing is that at the end of this fun journey we will have an incredible boat/home and we will both be able to say that we have touched each inch of her. Mike and I feel inspired and motivated to work together on our dream and cannot wait to head south on our TIKI 46.

Marta

Launchings

PHA—A biplane rigged Tiki 30 built by Bertrand and Marie-Hélène Fercot at Port Cohé, Fort du France, Martinique

Emerging like a butterfly from her jungle cocoon

Bertrand handles the stern line....watch out for that power line!

Wednesday 15th of December at 14h00 our Tiki30 "PHA" touched the water of Port Cohé near the airport.

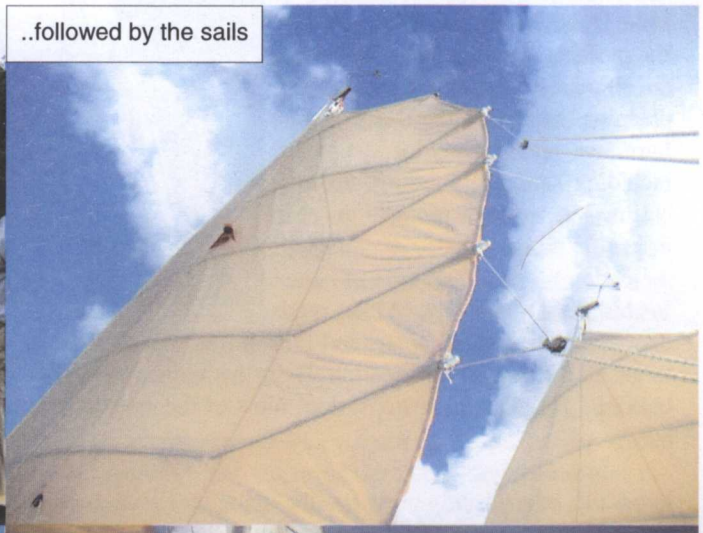
At the weekend, we rigged her and just before the sunset Monday evening we had a short sail for 10 minutes in front of Port Cohé. Downwind and against the wind, we were very surprised and happy to see her tack comfortably by simply pushing the tiller and hauling the sheets. As big dark clouds were coming with the night, we quickly lowered the sails and returned to the harbour in the mangrove swamp.

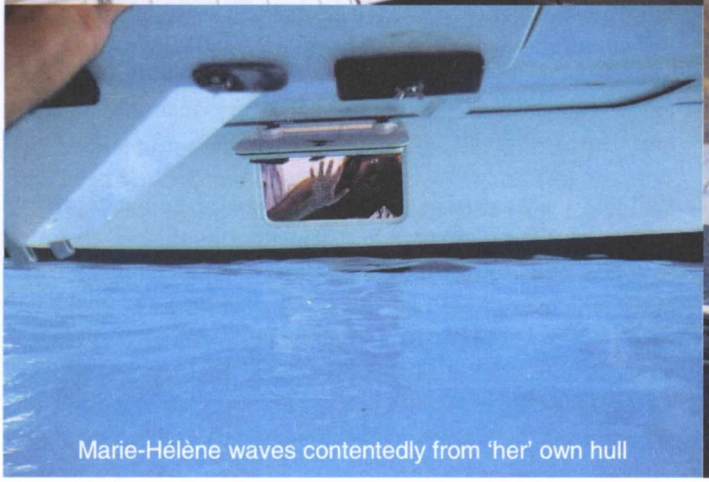
Now I have a lot of little problems to solve and to finish the accomodation. Next week I'll be on holiday so we'll have more time to discover how to handle her and to enjoy the pleasure to sail again after three years of work .

Happy Christmas from Bertrand and Marie-Hélène.

Up goes the rig...

..followed by the sails





Marie-Hélène waves contentedly from 'her' own hull

How about some comments on the comparative performance between traditional Tiki rig and PHAs biplane rig?

The Plans Clayton Urey/Ann Clement Tiki 30 "Morticia"

Hello, I am Clayton Urey (Ann and Neville Clement's son). my fiance Sarah Peterson and I recently purchased plans for our Tiki 30 "Morticia" from wharram designs. We have both wanted a boat to live on for a long time. This is the largest one we can build in our basement and still get it out.

We have been lofting on to hard board for about 3 weeks now, in our spare time, and are finding it slow going but very fun. we are both employed full time.

So far we have the keel and bulkhead #3 lofted and will be lofting bulkhead 4 and 5 in the next few days. Neville has been a great help in getting me started and familiar with the necessary techniques.

I had hoped to get more help from him but as you probably know PeaceIV had to head south for the winter. I will miss him and my Mom very much. They are both giving us a lot of encouragement and are helping as best they may by long distance. Please send us any encouragement and help that you can. we will be needing it.
Clayton

It is a great day over at Clayton Urey and Sarah Peterson's house. This is the day they begin building their Tiki 30 which will be named Morticia after the lady in the comic strip "The Adams Family".

Clayton and Sarah have an offbeat sense of humor that keeps them happy together.

Nev has been helping Clayton with the lofting of the keels and points of laughter have been when Clayton wrote "cut here" in one place, and "certainly NOT here" in another. We are remembering the cartoon of the man building a canoe with the bow on one side of him, all turned up nicely. Then you see the man in the middle of the cartoon weeping. On the other side of the man the stern is pointing down…

There is much care reading the numbers on the dimensions, complaining of sore knees, and lots of explanations of the design drawings.

Clayton is catching on ok. He is lofting everything full size on hardboard which Nev will check over before Clayton cuts it all out of Gaboon ply.

The house is a jumble of clutter but lots of fun to visit. Orchids are growing in one corner, the woods outside are lovely, and Sarah will come home from work to see lofted hulls in her living room.

We will be in California for three weeks and hope Sarah and Clayton will have cleared the nice basement, finished lofting keels, hull sides, and lower bulkheads, and be all ready to start mixing glue when we get back.

Then we will be on hand for the first glue day after final measuring. Very soon after, we head south for the winter so Sarah and Clayton will be on their own after we leave. Happily, the plans are not hard to understand so they will be fine without us.

By building one hull at a time, they can do all the work in their basement and, yes, we did measure to be sure it can get out the door!

Clayton is a chef and my son and Sarah is a social worker and looks like she could have been my daughter. They have been together for one year and all the various relatives are delighted. So it is time for a boat.

We wish them well! Ann

How to chose the right Wharram design for your individual needs

(prompted by a series of e-mails from Daniele Volpelière)

1. **Define your immediate and short term sailing requirements** ….it's all very well to plan on casting off the pressures of modern living and sail off into the subset. But ask yourself **WHEN** is it realistic to do that. If it's more than 5 years distant and you want to be sailing in 2 years, then maybe downsizing the dream is in order for now.
2. Will you build or will you buy?

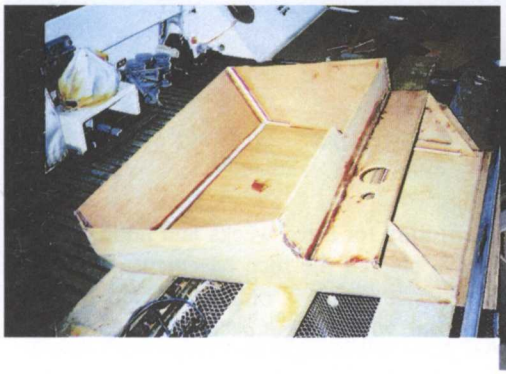
IF BUYING

1. If you decide you want to be sailing right away, then buying is your way to go.
2. When buying, be aware that Wharram builders have a history of tending to be inveterate "tinkerers", when viewing owner built boats always try and determine if she's been built "to plan". If not you might well be "comparing apples to oranges" as two owner built models could vary quite considerably.

IF BUILDING

1. Visit a Wharram owner with the design you are contemplating.
2. Visit a Wharram owner with the next size down, maybe this is the boat for NOW.
3. Try and see more than one of the model you think you want

Most Wharram owners are proud and rightly so of their boats and enjoy showing them off to their best advantage, don't be shy in contacting fellow PCA members and ask to visit them and their boat. Most are more than happy to oblige!



This the first part of a 2 part article on creating an extened pod for the Pahi 42, that allows communication from each hull to the control pod and the other hull. Peter has sailed TOROA to Iceland (with James & Hanneke aboard) and back.

Extended Pod for Pahi Peter Richardson Pahi42 "Toroa"

1. Drawings and mock-ups were prepared to develop the potential pod extension shapes. Finally spline battens were used to develop the roof curve, 'sprung' off the existing pod roof. A fixed wing to the pod, separated from the new cabin top by a 9mm vertical gap (ultimately forming a flexible joint), I considered my best option. The 'gap' was temporarily formed with a spacer of 9mm ply.

2. Extra semi-bulkheads were included to stiffen the structure. The leading face had to be 'fudged' to accommodate joining to the adjacent surfaces – the resulting chine helped stiffen the structure. It also gave a more rounded appearance.
The original portlight in the side of the pod had been removed and the aperture enlarged.

3. A 1:12 scarph was cut on the existing pod roof and pod roof extension. The new roof panel was not a tortured fit, it simply extended/continued the fall of the original pod roof. The structure was temporarily brass pinned in place and then epoxy filleted/glued from the inside and allowed to cure in situ.

4. The now rigid structure was removed, finish filleted and the joints then taped with 50mm bi-axial tape.
Pre plotted (with 3D templates) apertures for allowing the aft lowers to pass through the new structure to their original chain plates, were cut at this stage, plus inspection holes.

5. A panel stiffening lattice was bonded and filleted in place. The pod wing and new cabin top were still one continuous structure at this stage, separated by loose 9mm ply spacers as mentioned above. The area with the tools in the photograph will ultimately be cut out to make the entrance. Allowing for the eventual hatch sliding mechanism cut through the access between pod and extension.

6. Make and dry fit mating plates across the proposed joint between pod wing and new cabin top. Fair all external edges to a common radius in sympathy with the rest of the external corners of the boat. Glue a 30 x 25mm batten to the cabin roof as indicated.

7. Cut through the 9mm gap to separate the pod wing. Clean up all remaining joints to the required radius. Sheathe, fair and hi-build all pod wing surfaces that will not be accessible after final assembly. Similarly finish the batten previously glued to the cabin roof. Re-connect the pod wing to the new cabin top using the previously prepared mating plates

8. Bond and fillet the pod wing in place using the remainder of the structure as the 'template'. Fillet and tape all internal joints with 50mm bi-axial tape. Once cured, remove new cabin top and place upside down and fit the hatch sliding mechanism support ledges. Create hatch drain at forward outer corner.

9. Sheathe cabin tops and fill weave with a runny epoxy resin/glass bubble mix. Note the eventual entrance to the cabin top is still intact – to preserve rigidity until finally bonded into position. Also note the strong back/spray deflector to be mated under the pod wing.
On board prepare all mating surfaces by grinding back existing epoxy deck sheathing adequately.

10. Position the 10mm x 25mm self-adhesive black closed cell foam strip on the pod wing as shown. Position the top edge of the strip about 25mm below the surface. (This will eventually form the base of the trough to be filled with Sikaflex to create the flexible joint). With fingers crossed and following a dry run, finally position cabin top and comprehensively bond, fillet and tape in place. Sheathe external fillets with E glass strips cut on the bias.

11. Once fully cured, cut out aft panel in way of the eventual washboards, creating slides to suit thickness of washboards. Finish all external surfaces with hi-build surfacing resin, fair and paint to match remaining superstructure. Make patterns for, and affix non slip deck covering, (TBS non-slip).

12. The final low profile of the modification can clearly be seen. The 'tunnels' port and starboard allow all halyards, reefing pennants, wishbone choker and staysail sheets to be lead aft to clutches and two winches in the cockpit.

Two girls, One Catamaran? Gerard Janssen Pahi42 "Sundowner"

Decided to take the boat for a run today to give the motor a good run and try her out. So this afternoon took off for Lelystad-Haven and was made very welcome by Pieter and Hans Buijs and his wife when I arrived. I'm tight up next to Hans Buijs' boat and while we were having a few beers on his boat, two unusually dressed girls walked over with a large carved walking stick. They were looking for a place to sleep and advised them to try a hotel, but it was obvious to me that this is not what they were looking for and had I been by myself, would have invited them on board to find out more about them and why they were doing this.

Well luck was with me as it turned out, for when walking over to empty my mailbox I saw them again and as they still had no place to put there head down told them they could sleep on deck. They came aboard and we sat down for a while and talked to get to know one another, using a mixture of English, Dutch and German. Found it very interesting because of what they told me and soon liked them and asked if they would like to come sailing the next day and they did. They asked if they could bed down on the net in the front of the boat to which I agreed, and told them about all the spiders that were there but were not put off by this!

They told me they have to travel around for 3 years and one day supporting themselves and are not allowed to get any closer than 50 km to their home town in this time; about 700-800 young men and women do this voluntarily, and it is a old custom that is a few hundred years old. They're only allowed to stay in one place for three months at a time and are not allowed to return there for 12 months. I believe this be very character building, and found it hard to imagine people around the age of twenty would do this sort of thing nowadays! One is a woodcarver and the other a furniture maker, the woodcarver wants to get a job on the Batavia Wharf and perhaps the other one as well.

I want to start back early to the Blocq van Kuffeler and the girls are coming also, and shall bring them back to apply for the job Monday or Tuesday.

I awoke the next morning at about 06.30 hours and after a brew-up got things ready to cast off. The girls were still dozing in their sleeping bags in the net among the spiders. We cast off at about 07.15 hours on the motor and put the genoa up after a few miles, as there was just sufficient southerly wind to sail with.
We found the sailing very pleasurable and sailed all over the Markermeer with a clear sunny sky and arrived up at De Bloqk van Kuffeler just in time for the last shutting (of the lock) of the day and were lowered 5 meters in height before the lock-keeper let us out again and went home.

We motored over to the spot were I been tied up in the middle of a bird reserve for several months to do maintenance and additions. The motor is a bummer, she started to use cooling water and hope it is only a blown head gasket and not a cracked head, all in all, more work and cost!

To make it easier to tie up when returning I left some lines in place, the boat next to us done the same and in the confusion and excitement picked up his lines, but this mistake was soon rectified.

We made something to eat, had some coffee and tea. After a short walk after tea, we talked a bit and because of our tiredness and the mosquitoes, who also tried to get a bit to eat and often succeeded, went inside to go to sleep. By this time one of the girls and I made some room in the starboard hull so they could sleep inside.

The next morning we awoke later than intended and after numerous cups of brew-up to awaken, with the help of the girls changed the Morse cables from the 28 hp. inboard to the 8 hp outboard motor, so we were mobile again.

After all this we motored to the lock and were lifted to the height of the Markermeer. When outside the harbour we rolled out the genoa and sailed to a small island named Het Hoofd, I been told about with a sandy beach where we intended to clean the hulls from all the rubbish under the waterline. We arrived there and it looked inviting. There is a breakwater around part of it with a few openings and motored very slowly thru one of them. We were just inside when we grounded (deliberately) and put an anchor and chain out to keep us in place (just in case!).

The three of us attacked the underwater jungle and scraped lots of rubbish off and plan to do the rest tomorrow, and all this was done while skinny dipping. The decks on one of the hulls had a good cleanup as well and plan to do the other one at a later date. We are getting on like a house on fire and have invited them along as crew next year and they are interested. (Two girls, one catamaran?). Shall surely miss them when we part our ways, perhaps only for a few months.

We decided to sail back the next day and set out late in the afternoon the wind being NE. 4. The wind picked up and started blow NE 6, we were heading north and decided to return to Het Hoofd, as I had only the Genoa up and found it hard going. We anchored behind the island and after the anchor started to drag after a few hours decided to motor over and tied up inside the harbour. The forecast was NE 5-6, but decided to give it a try as there was only a force 3 blowing at the time, but not for long as soon as we

were heading in the right direction the wind picked up and kept the outboard motor going to compensate for the main sail. This worked out well until the furling let go at the top of the mast; we changed our course to once more return to Het Hoofd. We rolled the Genoa in as far as we could and the last bit wound this around by turning the boat in circles several times as we could not wind it in normally.

We tied up in the same place where we left from a few hours before and secured the sail a bit better by winding a line around the bit that was still being knocked about by the wind.

Next morning when there was only a little wind we let the whole roller furling down out of the mast, pulled the sail out and started to repair the broken furling with epoxy and cloth. While waiting for this to harden, went to visit an acquaintance where we had a few very nice beers and were offered a piece of space cake. Seeing I never had this before, had some but need not have any again, when it started to work I went to bed and this was the best place for me to be till early morning.

By now it is Thursday the 9th of Nov. and plans to sand the epoxy on the roller furling and shape it so I can get the sail thru the slot in there. Perhaps I need to make a different repair on the bottom so shall have to wait till that hardens before I can fit the roller furling back on the mast.

The kitchen been cleaned by the girls and things put back in place, wouldn't it be nice if I can keep it like this!!! Slowly the girls clean and tidy the boat up and should be ship shape again soon.

I find it a bit hard to communicate when the pressure is on with the girls, find the skipper has to look and think for them as well and I find it a bit hard that they can't see what needs to be done. I still do enjoy their company and they do a fine job on the boat for landlubbers!!! The sun has been out in the day most of the time and the temperature have been very pleasant since the girls been on board and the forecast is pretty good for the coming days, this all helps with the atmosphere onboard.

Done some more epoxying on the roller furling while waiting for the first lot of epoxy to harden properly,

Pulled the head of the 28 hp Renault motor and found the head gasket in a bad way, both cylinders been leaking. It looks like the motor has never been in bits and the cylinders look in good shape. Most likely have to get a head gasket made seeing it is an old model motor and parts shall be hard to get, the head is being planed and the valves refaced. It surprised me that there was sufficient compression to start the motor looking at the head gasket. When the motor is finished, she shall be as good as new again and should give good service for a long time.

The weather was very nice once more, very sunny but a lot of wind again. To night we had a campfire and a few drinks with visitors.
Today it is Friday and shall try to get the roller furling back in place on the mast, and so as not to break the roller furling on the repaired joint when refitting, shall tie a piece of timber against it to strengthen it when refitting and remove it once in place. Well, we hung it back on the mast to have it out of the way and shall fit it at a later stage.

Saturday the wind direction changed to a more favourable position and decided to motor back to De Boqc van Kuffeler while the going was good and arrived back at our mooring without any problems.

The girls left Sunday to look at Almere and walk-lift to Batavia-Warf by Monday. I felt sad when they left and missed them for several days, but all good things must come to an end, and it surely was that!!! I found them good company and trustworthy and can recommend them.

Gerard

Hints and Tips

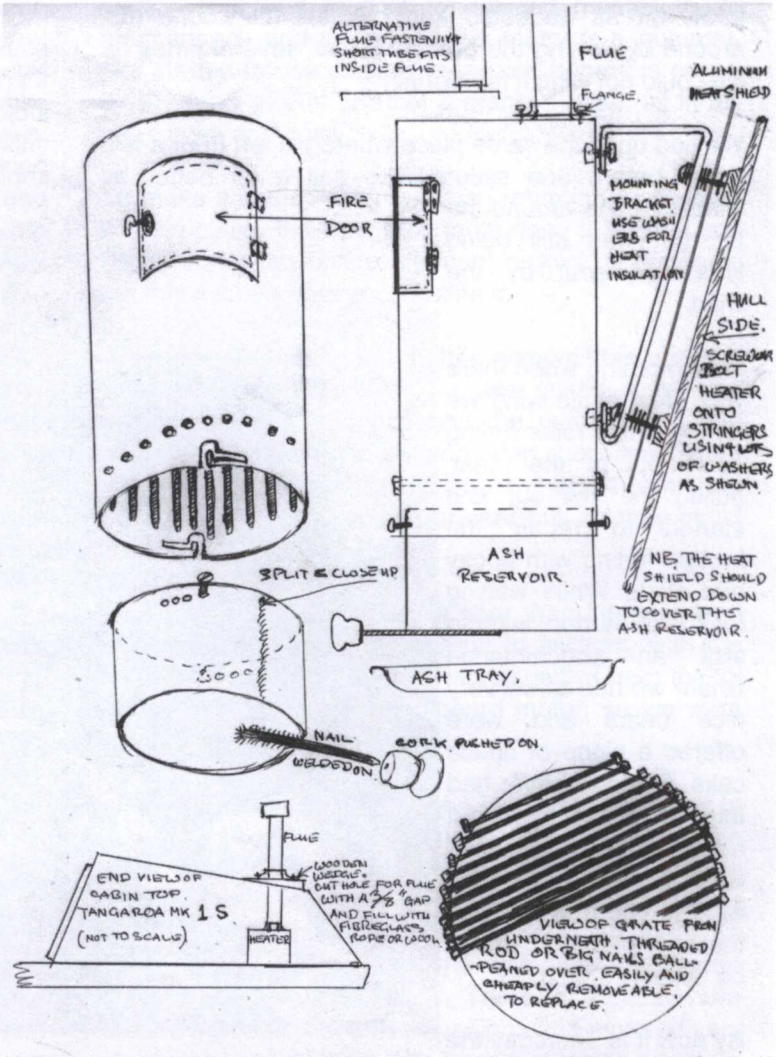
Back in the early 90's I shared a mooring with a fellow liveaboard/boat bum who dreamed up a solid fuel burning cabin heater made from scavenged iron drainpipe. The beauty of such a heater is that fumes and moisture are vented outboard and the heat produced is DRY heat. The designer has now "moved on", swallowed the anchor, and is now making armour weapons for historic battle enthusiasts to beat the s__t out of each other, and has agreed to my offering his design to the PCA.

As you can see it is low tech rather than high tech, and is simple and inexpensive to build without an extensive workshop or costly tools, (except for a bit of welding)

You will need a length of 6" drainpipe; if you use galvanised pipe you MUST remove the galvanising as when heated it releases poisonous fumes. Also some self-tapping screws hinges and fastenings from the local DIY store and a cheap roasting tin for the ash tray.

The fire door can be made from the cut out section with a flange welded or bolted round to overlap and seal. The ash reservoir is made from the same pipe but goes inside the main body of the heater so cut a small section out, squeeze together and weld up. Remember the better the fire door and reservoir fit the more efficient and cleaner your stove will be. The ash reservoir is twisted from side to side thus exposing or covering holes for draft.

You can of course use a proper insulated flue and add all sorts of sophistications but they will cost accordingly. The original came out of a builders skip and the flue was a car exhaust from a scrap yard, so it's up to you!


ALTERNATIVE FLUE FASTENING SHORT THREE FITS INSIDE FLUE.
FLUE
FLANGE.
ALUMINIUM HEAT SHIELD
FIRE DOOR
MOUNTING BRACKET USE WASHERS FOR HEAT INSULATION
HALL SIDE.
SCREW OR BOLT HEATER ONTO STRINGERS USING NUTS OR WASHERS AS SHOWN
ASH RESERVOIR
NB. THE HEAT SHIELD SHOULD EXTEND DOWN TO COVER THE ASH RESERVOIR.
SPLIT & CLOSE UP
ASH TRAY.
NAIL WELDED ON
CORK PUSHED ON.
FLUE
END VIEW OF CABIN TOP. TANGAROA MK 1S (NOT TO SCALE)
WOODEN WEDGE CUT HOLE FOR FLUE WITH A 5/8" GAP AND FILL WITH FIBREGLASS ROPE OR WOOL
HEATER
SIDE VIEW OF GRATE PAN UNDERNEATH. THREADED ROD OR BIG NAILS BALL-PEENED OVER. EASILY AND CHEAPLY REMOVEABLE TO REPLACE.

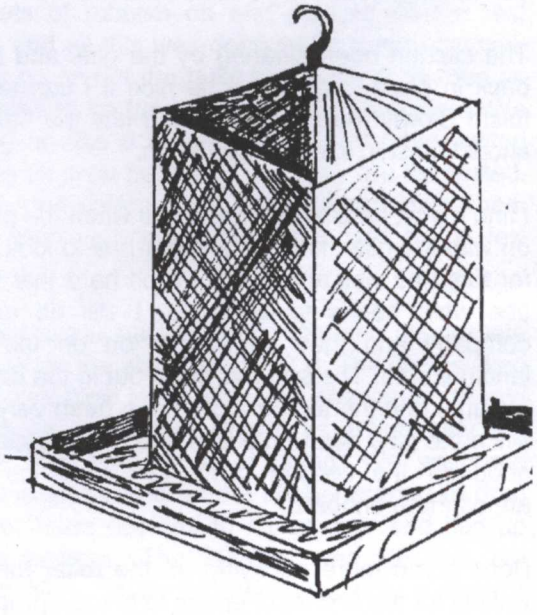
Sam Wentz had asked for a reprint of a heater from a shell casing, unfortunately I can't find hide nor hair of it. I hope this heater by Pete does the job, shell casing could be used in place of the steel drainpipe — Ed

ANOTHER NON-ELECTRIC FOOD COOLER
THE KALGOORLIE COOLER

An ingenious Aussie invention called the "Kalgoorlie Meat Cooler", developed in the bush town of Kalgoorlie back when fridges were unknown to the sheep farmers/gold miners.

Constructing your own is simplicity itself:

- Cover the top of a cage with a hessian or burlap sack.
- Place cage in a tray of water top of the wet towel.
- The rag serves as a "wick" to keep the walls of your cage constantly damp.
- The evaporation cools the contents within.
- It works like a charm.
- Capilliary action of hessian keeps walls damp.
- Air passing over damp walls cools contents
- Expect a 20-30F drop from outside unshaded temperature.
- More efficient coolers can use double mesh walls with charcoal between and kept damp through percolation.



DITTY BAG

DITTY BAG DITTY BAG DITTY BAG DITTY BAG

Free Advertising in the Ditty Bag for all PCA members. Boats, plans, or bits and pieces For Sale or Wanted. Offer or seek services as captain, crew, cook, bottle washer or bottom scrubber.

**** **Ditty bag ads will run automatically for 2 issues** (to give other members space), if you sell, let us know and we'll pull the 2nd ad. Also please contact us if a 3rd ad is needed*

For Sale—"Funky Flamingo" Tiki26 $7k
Solid boat, needs sails and rigging, located Florida Keys
Dan Kunz. Email drkunz@hotmail.com 305 –664-0190

For sale "Banana Split" **Tiki 21** - Asking **£3000**.
"Tony Perridge—
email honesttone@yahoo.co/uk tel 01463 234189

For Sale Hitia 17 £1650 ono. Refitted over the last 2 years, stored in my garage and I now need the space (Sadly, I just don't have the time for her). Repainted and re-varnished, ready to go with no maintenance needed. Launching trolley + trailer.
Contact; Andy White 07843 427964 or aewht@aol.com

For Sale Tiki 30 "Mango Elephant". Very High Spec. Aluminium Mast (Sailspar), Lewmar Ocean Fore-hatches, Main sail, roller genoa, genniker (all Jeckells) GPS, DSC VHF, Navtex, Log, Echo, Autopilot. 4 winches, totally solar self sufficient 4 panels and 2 batteries. 2 Eight wheel yard/launching trolleys.
Moored Lowestoft UK. Ready to go anywhere! Delivery by sea could be negotiated. £18,000
(You could not build it for this price - nor could I)
Gavin Lacey
- Mobile - 07919 052 725
- gavin@mangoelephant.com

For Sale Tiki21 "Ellida" marine ply/epoxy hulls. One set of sails, suzuki 4HP outboard, anchor, harnesses.
Located in Topsham, Devon. £2300
Contact Nick Harding 01392 210408

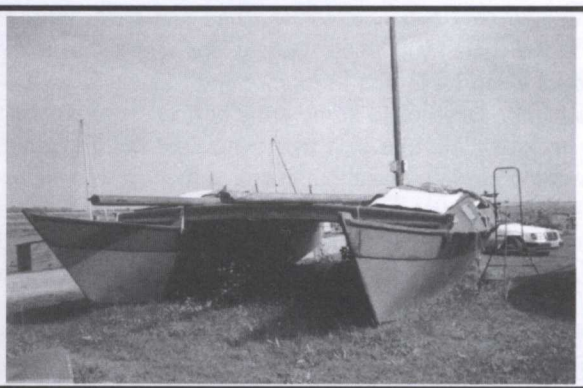
Having just bought "Skinny Dipper" from Dick Thorn, my **Tiki 21** "Kentiki" is now, reluctantly **FOR SALE**
Asking **£2800-3500,** depending on how much winter refit gets done. Located Poole Harbour
Ken Hook email hook.ken@virgin.net Tel 01202 531445

FREE TO A GOOD HOME!
1) Bow roller to fit 1/4 chain
2) Walker "Excelsior IV Patent log." Seems complete in original box.
No price, just come & fetch. Address in yearbook. Messages on sister's phone (01208) 814628, ansaphone. Please speak clearly for God's sake!! Pete Green

WANTED—new home and owner for HINA project.
See Page 39 SeaPeople #58

For Sale Tiki 21 "Sunshine" grp hulls raised cabin tops, alloy mast, suzuki 4 hp outboard, chemical loo, launching trolleys road trailer all in good condition £4000
Tel 01983 872540 or gwilling@abports.co.uk

For Sale
Tiki 31 "Bobin" sail number 81. Never been in the water. Two hulls in good condition. Beams and masts need re-varnish or painting. £2,500
Alex Heywood, 01424 220170



Dittybag goes online in October see website for details www.pca-seapeople.org
If you want to add a picture or an add to the online dittybag please send to pcapix@pca-seapeople.org

BOATS, SKIPPERS, CREW, BOATBUILDERS NEEDED for Falmouth to La Corunna August 2005
Contact : jubilee@pca-seapeople.org or PCA Office

Letters Letters Letters Letters Letters

Do send us letters and postcards, emails, telegrams and porpoise post. It's good to hear how things are going in your part of the world, and to share your concerns.

Tahiarii... Continued

If we had just had the sense to climb up onto the hull that was still floating we wouldn't have had to go through that drama. The dinghy crew couldn't see us and went first to the wreck. I yelled for help and Edgar whistled piercingly as all Latin males seem to know. The dinghy crew picked us up and deposited us on deck. The skipper through his interpreter said that he was sorry that my boat sank. I said me too. I took a shower and put on borrowed clothes and went to bed in the officer's cabin. We arrived in Colon at the Panamanian base of the SMN (Servicio Maritime Nacional or Panama coast guard / navy) in the afternoon.

Various people interviewed me and wrote reports and letters for immigration. I went downtown with an armed escort to buy an airline ticket for Cartagena. Colon is a very dangerous port. Immigration however balked because the boss at Colon didn't know what category of visa to give me so I had to stay on base for the night. I was really angry because I couldn't call my family or send email but it worked out. The immigration office finally called in the evening to say they would stamp my passport in the morning so I was able to become official, catch the early bus (at $2 rather than a $40 taxi) to Panama City, and fly to Cartagena at noon on Saturday.

Deyanira found me at Club Nautico where Tahiarii was based for her stay in Cartagena an hour after I arrived. She was visiting Guy and Claudia who had just given birth to their blond, blue-eyed baby. Guy is our friend that introduced us when Deya and I first met and Claudia is his Colombian wife. Deya cried in my arms at how close she had come to losing me and said that things are not important. She wanted me with or without things or money. The important thing was to be together. This healed my grief and gave me peace. We slept on the floor at a friend's apartment and in Guy's boat. We went shopping for new clothes for me since I had nothing except what I was standing in. Deya also received the final forms for her visa interview with the US Embassy in Bogota so we were very happy about that and spent our final night filling out forms. But all too soon I flew to Miami and up to Seattle a week after the boat sank and took up temporary residence in my cousin's house in Tacoma, Washington to start my new life.

Chuck

Hi Everyone.

Firstly , thanks for Sea People #57. I'm impressed how quick you've got to grips with colour, it certainly gives a whole lot better 'feel' to the mag, and I thought that the Tama Moana centre spread was a nice touch.

Secondly , I would like to add my name to the Crew Available list for the Falmouth to La Coruna jaunt next year.

Basic CV..... Forty five year old multi disciplined engineer, currently sailing a Tiki 21 with 10+ years sailing experience seeks berth on Wharram Cat for the Falmouth to La Coruna trip. Non-smoker. Enjoys Nav and not bad at the galley either, and have RYA Yacht master (theory).

Contact Gordon Walker 07850-314155 (mob)
01344-776627 (home tel/fax)
acgandjw@btopenworld.com

Thirdly , I had a fairly good year sailing Nolan II (T21 #526) despite work commitments and the vagarities of the Great British Summer (*Tell us more, I haven't seen one—Ed ;-)*). Still haven't managed to crack the 100 nautical mile weekend though a couple of near misses with 90+ miles logged in a 48 hour period. Best day sail was just over 60 miles.
Normally I'm trailer sailing Nolan, and it takes the two of us about 3 hrs from pulling up at the yard to sailing away. Derigging is a bit quicker...depends on how much cleaning gets done.
Next year want to stretch out a bit more. I was wondering whether (if I get no takers on Crew Available) to try and get a PCA cruise in company going from the Solent down to Falmouth (like a feeder trip) to see the lucky ones off?
Must go
Best Regards

Gordon

Gordon, We now have 2 boats [Dave Broomans Narai "SueMandy" and Gerard Jansens Pahi42 "Sundowner], pretty certain to do the trip with 3 or 4 maybes. Also have about 6 crew members in the offing—we'll be setting up a mailing list this month—Ed

Please check website (& associated forum) through the summer for updates of boats planning the trip and crew/boat prep help available/wanted. -Ed

News from San Francisco, California

Beat Rettenmund (new PCA member) is building a Tiki 38. The lower hulls are nearly complete, and will soon be turned over to finish the vessel, which may take another two years. The quality of the build is very good, as is the selection of materials. Long term plans are to go cruising!

Steve Tellardin

See picture of Beat and his Tiki38 on page 28

Support your Association
And spread good fortune

With a lucky PCA burgee and clothing too

your voyage is assured of success…….

Reading matter? Back numbers of course!

Committee member Gerald Winkler shows

our Burgee in the Adriatic That's the way to do it!

****NEW**** RED BURGEES, DOUBLE THICKNESS, PRINTED LOGO BOTH SIDES.....£12 INC. P&P

TEE-SHIRTS (round neck).....£12 each + P&P
POLOS/TENNIS(collar + buttons).....£15 each + P&P
SWEATSHIRTS.....£16 each + P&P
BACK ISSUES of Seapeople.....£3.75 each INC. P&P

BUY IN BULK

5 or more ISSUES. £3.25 each INC. P&P
10 or more ISSUES £3.00 each INC. P&P

PACKING & POSTAGE ON CLOTHING ITEMS: UK: £2.50 FIRST ITEM, £2 EACH EXTRA ITEM
- EUROPE AIRMAIL:£3PER ITEM WORLD AIRMAIL: £5 PER ITEM

PAYMENT WITH ORDER, IN STERLING CHEQUES AS PRICED ABOVE (OR CREDIT CARD – PHONE OR WRITE), OR PLEASE ALLOW £5 FOR OUR CURRENCY CONVERSION COSTS. THANK YOU!

OUR ADDRESS: PCA ORDERS, 118 HOWETH ROAD, BOURNEMOUTH, DORSET BH10 5NS, UK.

The following was sent to us from Steven Veale ***(via Ann Clement),*** who built his own Wharram Designs sail boat several years ago. While we normally do not pass along email jokes, this letter goes out to so many boat builders, we decided to make an exception. It is about Noah, who was one of us, after all…

In the year 2005, the Lord came unto Noah, who was now living in United States, and said, "Once again, the earth has become wicked and overpopulated and I see the end of all flesh before me. Build another Ark and save two of every living things along with a few good humans." He gave Noah the blueprints, saying, "You have six months to build the Ark before I will start the unending rain for 40 days and 40 nights".

Six months later, the Lord looked down and saw Noah weeping in his yard but no ark. "Noah", He roared, "I'm about to start the rain! Where is the Ark?" "Forgive me, Lord," begged Noah. "But things have changed. I needed a building permit. I've been arguing with the inspector about the need for a sprinkler system. My neighbors claim that I've violated the neighborhood zoning laws by building the Ark in my yard and exceeding the height limitations. We had to go to the Planning and Zoning Board for a decision.

"Then the Department of Transportation demanded a bond be posted for the future costs of moving power, overpasses and other overhead obstructions, to clear the passage for the Ark's move to the sea. I argued that the sea would be coming to us, but they would hear nothing of it. Getting the wood was another problem. There's a ban on cutting local trees in order to save the spotted owl. I tried to convince the environmentalists that I needed the wood to save the owls. But no go!

When I started gathering the animals, I got sued by an animal rights group. They insisted that I was confining wild animals against their will. As well, they argued the accommodation was too restrictive and it was cruel and inhumane to put so many animals in a confined space. Then the EPA ruled that I couldn't build the Ark until they'd conducted an environmental impact study on your proposed flood.

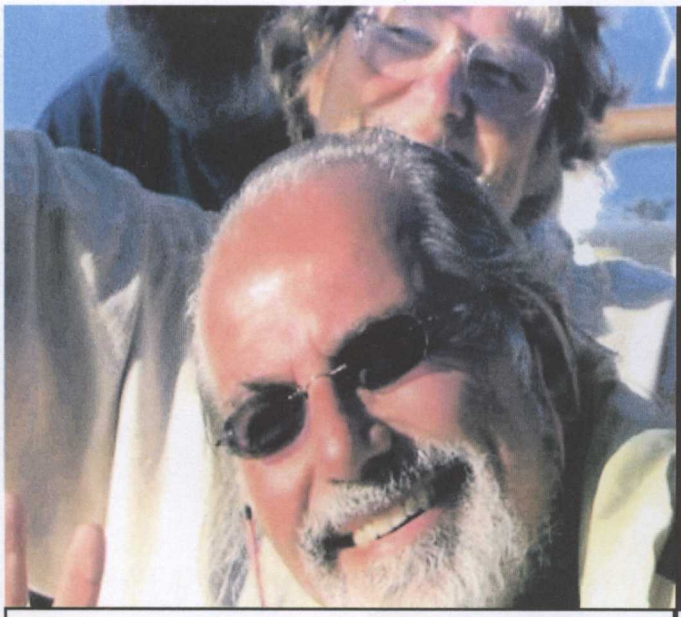
"I'm still trying to resolve a complaint with the Civil Rights Commission on how many minorities I'm supposed to hire for my building crew. Also, the trades unions say I can't use my sons. They insist I have to hire only Union workers with Ark building experience. To make matters worse, the Customs and Immigration Agency seized all my assets, claiming I'm trying to leave the country illegally with endangered species.

"So, forgive me, Lord, but it would take at least ten years for me to finish this Ark."

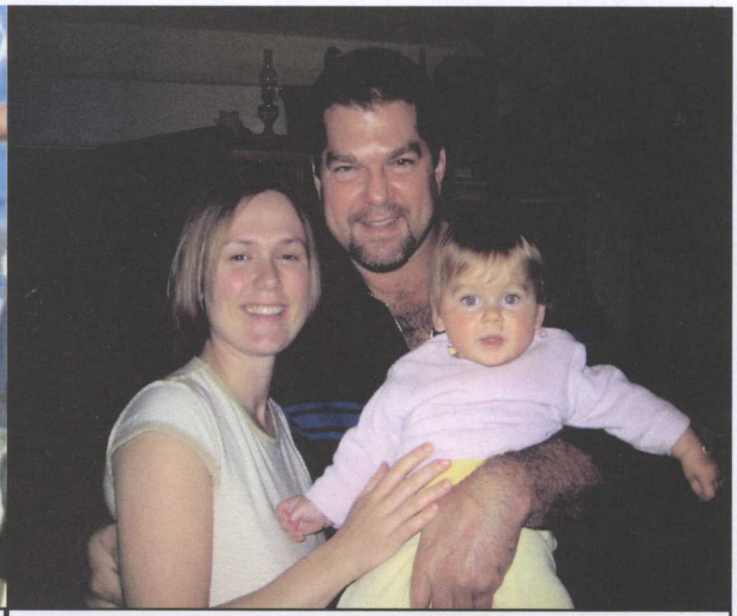
Suddenly the skies cleared, the sun began to shine, and a rainbow stretched across the sky. Noah looked up in wonder and asked, "You mean you're not going to destroy the world?".

"No", said the Lord. "The Government has beaten me to it."

FACES OF SEA PEOPLE



Dan Kunz looks to be having a good time at the December 2004 meet in Florida. But what's Ann (Clement) up to?



Marta (without face mask or dust), Mike and newest crew member Maya Haromy (see Ying Yang article page 13)

Chuck Hinman loses a boat but gains a first mate (Deyanira). All the best wishes from all at the PCA.